

The New Threat

by lcaiser

Category: Halo, Star Wars

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Revan

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2011-08-25 01:43:39

Updated: 2012-01-05 06:01:47

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:07:56

Rating: T

Chapters: 8

Words: 21,547

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: REVAMPED! It has been two years after the destruction of the Star Forge, and a year after Malachor V. Full summary on Profile Page and story prologue. Read and Review please! On HIATUS at the moment.

1. Prologue: The New Threat

A/N: Hey, it's Darth Kaiser, now lcaiser, returning from anime categories to sword-fights and Force powers. This is my first KotOR-Halo Crossover (and crossovers entirely), so no flames please. Here you go.

* * *

><p>The New Threat
**

Prologue: The New Threat

Disclaimer: I own nothing. The works of Halo (characters and weapons) go to Bungie, while KotOR (same thing) go to LucasArts. Some elements were used in compliance with _Gipper 40_ 's story, and that doesn't belong to me either.

* * *

><p>It had all ended. Malak was defeated first, then the True Sith along with him. Many of the Republic say they can finally relax in peace. But it wasn't the end. It was just the beginning of their end. And it started now.

* * *

><p>A white-armored Elite raised his head as he roared out in success. "I found them!" it cried out. "I found them!"<p>

"Then you may tell us where they are, perhaps?" a Prophet said.
"Other than shouting something that isn't worth saying?"

"They are in an unnamed galaxy," the Elite replied. "but I can guide you where they are."

"Excellent. Finally we can exact the revenge that the Demon has laid upon us. And follow the Great Journey our ancestors strove to follow!"

And the ship burst out cheering.

* * *

><p>The Star Forge was a mere event that had been erased from the Galaxy just two years ago. Following that was the death of the True Sith; Malachor V being nothing but a memory to most people. There was much drink and cheer, and economy boomed within the Republic.</p>

But others did not share in this kind of happiness. And one of them... was one who went by the name Revan.

Revan was leaning on the balcony railing of his private suite. He was staying at the Jedi Temple on Coruscant, for being one of the few people that helped defeat the Sith, namely his former best friend Malak.

He sighed, and buried his face in his gloved hands. T3-M4 came around behind and beeped in concern.

"T3," Revan replied, taking his hands off his face. "Nothing's wrong. I'm just bored that the Council hasn't sent me on any Sith Searches that interest me. They're only sending the ones that had just became Knight, or one Knight and many Padawans instead."

T3 let out a quick series of beeps to reply to Revan.

"Yes, yes. I know that the Sith Searches are for Padawan-status to Knight-status, but, what about other Jedi? Shouldn't they have something to do other than walk or talk or relax? At least there's a thrill of survival and all, but being in luxury doesn't appeal to me very well."

T3 shook his head. "Exactly," Revan replied as he left the balcony and walked out the room. With all the Sith Searches going on, there weren't many Jedi Knights, and even less Jedi Padawans. The ones who didn't go were roaming around in the Jedi Temple somewhere.

Revan cut a short left and entered the Meditation room. Many were taken, as if meditation was the only thing left to do out of boredom. Revan entered his selected room in the back, away from all the talking from the hallway. Revan sat down, and focused his mind...

His mind shifted to Malachor V, being crumbled to dust. Of Kreia's sneering eyes as the platform above the Trayus Core ruptured and fell into the depths on Malachor V. And the oddly shaped ship he had saw before hyperspacing away from Malachor.

Flashes of recent battle poured into Revan's mind, as new enemies

stroved the Republic free of humanity. Then an alien with four mandibles, like a splitlip, approached Revan with an H-shaped gun that glowed blue. "Why are we here?" it asked, "we're here to cleanse the species of humankind!" _

Revan had to snap out of it. He ran out of the Meditation Room just as he done when running to the Ebon Hawk during the Star Forge, and from the Trayus Academy when Malachor was primed to be erased by the Mass Shadow Generator. He ran to the Jedi Council, and just as he reached the elevator, something rocked the Jedi Temple like an earthquake.

Revan stumbled and fell, and could only see a ship that was colored purple, was oddly-shaped, had three gun turrets that shot out red-blue shots.

* * *

><p>AN: If you didn't like it, give me some ideas that would help me be a better writer and make you have the KotOR-Halo FF you like. That's it, please keep Reading and Reviewing!**

-lcaiser, formerly Darth Kaiser

2. 1: The First Wave

AN: Author's notes will show up at the bottom of stories. Thank you.

* * *

><p>The New Threat

Chapter 1: The First Wave

**Disclaimer: I own nothing. The works of Halo (characters and weapons) go to Bungie, while KotOR (same thing) go to LucasArts. Some elements were used in compliance with Gipper 40's story, and that doesn't belong to me either. **

* * *

><p>Revan dove to the right, nearly oblivious to the fact he had saved himself. The red-violet rounds being aimed at him scorched the wall behind him, blackening the durasteel frame and causing flames to eat at the carpet. Revan jumped up at the vehicle, slashing a hole into the vehicle with his lightsaber. He landed inside... in a gathering of aliens.<p>

Revan stood up, looking around. The aliens, some short and stocky while others tall and well-built; although with split-lips, were grasping their weapons, glowing of plasma. Revan's lightsaber hand twitched, but didn't show any movement.

Quickly, Revan pulled a concussion grenade from his belt, used the Force to prime it, and threw it down, jumping up through the hole he made. The aliens, startled, tried to shoot Revan down, but they all missed. The grenade set off, stunning all the aliens inside. Revan came back down into the vehicle and unleashed a devastating field of

energy, sapping the lives of the aliens. They shriveled up as if decrepit faster than the mind can process, then dying. Revan carried this energy and focused it in his left palm, a swirling ball of purple energy outside and jumped back to the Jedi Temple, throwing the energy mass at the vehicle.

The ball collided with the turret as it was about to shoot at Revan, resulting in a catastrophic explosion, glaring yellow before the vehicle exploded into multiple bits and pieces, falling into the depths of Coruscant. Revan walked to the edge and watched them fall before unleashing a wave of Force to smother the flames. Then he turned to the leftward corridor to his room.

A pile of short aliens soaked in neon blue blood marked his room's entrance. Revan looked inside to see T3 with his blaster pistol drawn, a stream of steam snaking from its barrel. "You did that?" Revan asked. T3 beeped in confirmation. "Yeah, you go keep my stuff safe then."

"Beep! Beep beep boop beep! Wert frotz bee..." T3 droned, causing Revan to turn around. A tall building, the Primary Communications Tower, was enveloped in a bright light, its frame falling from the blast radius. Revan's eyes grew surprised at the light.

"A bomb..." he said. "Oh, Force forbid..."

He turned running into the corridor, headed toward the Archives room. Sounds of battle grew more prominent as he neared the area; it was most likely the focal point of invasion. Revan burst through a door, startling a pack of Short-and Stockies. They started to open fire, only to have been reflected by Revan's cyan lightsaber, Mantle of the Force. The aliens were dead in seconds. Revan jumped past the bodies, forging forward.

In the other corridor, a Jedi Padawan; identified by his hair braid; was barely fending off a Splitlip alien. The Splitlip was holding a strange dual-bladed sword-like weapon, glowing and crackling with energy. When the lightsaber and the sword-weapon met, it resulted in a flash of sparks.

"Get down!" Revan called, causing the Padawan to duck down, away from a sword thrust. Revan then swept his hand, the Force pushing the Splitlip out the window with a 'raow?'.

"Thank you, Master Revan," the Padawan said. "They came out of nowhere. Many of them are gathered at the Archives room; I overheard them finding information and came here hoping to find someone who could do something."

"They're showing no mercy," Revan stated. "You go on somewhere safe, I'll deal with them." The Padawan bowed quickly before darting away. Revan walked forward, engaging into stealth mode. His body soon became transparent, only a wavy outline of his body seen.

He walked forward, stepping softly to not make any sound. He saw a Short-and-Stocky outside the Archives room, seated on the ground and mumbling to itself. "Dabrr, dabrr... how come I have to guard the outside...? At least they give me a better weapon or something. Besides, there's no one even here...!" Revan seized this opportunity to grasp the alien by the mouthpiece and shove a tanto, a miniature

lightsaber knife, into its head. Revan used the Force to staunch the bleeding and close the wound. He positioned the alien to make it appear it was sleeping.

Step one... Revan told himself,_ kill the door guard: complete.
Step two... obliterate the enemy, quietly..._

He slipped inside the open doors and saw Splitlip aliens at the Archive computers, tapping away at the keyboards and taking numerous datapads. One Splitlip was delved entirely into the computer, and so Revan easily dispatched of the lone alien, the tanto's contact with the Elite pierced its shields, causing them to flicker before the Elite fell. Revan ended that procedure with closing up the wound and propping up the Elite to be looking at the computer by using the Force to change the shape of the bones in its back. There were three more instances before another Splitlip, but red and gold with a different headpiece, stepped into the room and kicked over a "dead" Splitlip. The alien hit the ground with a crack.

The Splitlip then raised his head and made a bobbing movement with its head. It seemed to be sniffing the air, because he stopped after a minute. It took a small dumbbell from its leg and brandished the double-pronged sword weapon.

"Human," it called, looking directly at Revan, "you should be flattered by my words. You have used tactics unlike the ones we have faced before. Your species is very flexible; some create bullets of an alloy we know little about, while your technology is significantly similar to ours'. But enough games: we shall settle this once and for all. Thanks to the bastard Grunt, you were able to stall us... but by having you removed, success shall come to the Covenant and the _Sangheili_, the Elites as called by our previous human adversaries.

"Come, Demon, and show me your dance." The Elite tossed another dumbbell-hilt at Revan. Instead of catching it, Revan disengaged stealth and cleaved it with a lightsaber thrust.

"I have my own weapon," Revan said, shifting to the opening Juyo stance. "And I am more than deserving of the title Demon." He pointed Mantle of the Force at the Elite and returned to his stance. "Now, shall we cross blades?" The Elite's lip curled, as though smiling or growling in anger of his destroyed weapon.

The two stepped forward until they were some ten meters from each other. "I have inspected your powers, Demon. They are unfair, and do not try to dishonor this battle by harnessing that."

"I can hold you to not drawing a firearm," Revan replied, launching a two-armed attack at the Elite's head. The Elite dodged the swing and brought his sword at Revan's head, only brushing against his hair. Revan swung at the Elite's legs, but was blocked by the sword, carried in only one hand. And that was augmented by the Force!

Revan jumped back, gaining distance into preparing a Djem So stance, the melee variation of the Shien stance. The Elite stomped forward, bringing the blade down upon Revan's head. Revan slightly moved to dodge it, then cut at the Elite's neck from the backside. The Elite rolled forward to dodge.

Revan, having seen his chance, shifted into the Ataru stance and started with trying to disarm the Elite. The alien focused on dodging and parrying more, trying to tire Revan out. Revan locked both hands on Mantle of the Force and used the Force to augment his attack. The Elite quickly brought his sword to block, but the results were more than what Revan expected.

When Mantle of the Force crashed into the Elite's sword, the sword blade was smashed into myriad fragments, nothing but a dumbbell hilt left. Revan only took a fraction of a second to assess the damage, then drove Mantle of the Force into the Elite's chest, singeing through the Elite's armor, skin, and heart; causing a slow death. Arcs of plasma jolted off the Elite's armor. The Elite coughed up a globule of purple blood. "Demon..." it wheezed. "This is not the end of us... The Covenant... shall have... its revenge! And my... brethren will destroy you... I may have failed... but you have lost..." The Elite lifted a small device, lights coursing around the edges. "Your world... in smoke... For our Great Rebirth!" It pushed a switch, took its last breath, and died.

Explosions rocked the floor beneath Revan's feet, him expecting the building roof to come falling down. He pulled his lightsaber out of the corpse and looked outside, multiple bursts happening at various buildings: the Republic Executive Building, the Monument Plaza, and the University of Coruscant to name a few.

But Revan's expectations of the Jedi Temple's destruction wasn't happening. He looked around, seeing the odd purple ships retreat into space, an outline of a large ship in space. He walked down the Archives room to the opposite doors to see a large, round object decorated in spikes. T3-M4 stood at the base of the bomb, whirring away. The astromech droid beeped in enthusiasm.

"You stopped the bomb from detonating?" Revan asked incredulously.

"Beeep beep!" T3 cried out.

"Time left?"

"Beep beep boop bee. Bop boop."

"Wow..." Revan thought, using the Force to hold the bomb. It was surprisingly heavy. "Well... gotta make this quick! You can let go, T3." The astromech droid retracted its access needle, and Revan pulled the bomb through the doors and tossed it out the window with a crash. Three seconds into gravity's pull, it detonated, the blast causing Revan's hair to be swept back, and he had shield his eyes from the glare. A deafening roar entered his ears.

The light dimmed although Revan's ears were still ringing. His eyes adjusted, he compensated by rubbing them. He looked at the astromech droid next to him. "Good work." T3 cried a series of beeps and boops, glad it was helpful. "Show me the schematics of the Jedi Temple. Show status areas." T3's camera visor ejected a hologram picture of the Jedi Temple, colors washing in. Green for intact, yellow for unstable, red for very unstable, and black for destroyed. Most of the outer frame was destroyed, but the meditation room, the training room, and the Jedi Council Chambers were left intact. The Archives

room, some dorm rooms, and the Maps Room was shaded yellow.

"All surviving Jedi Knights and Padawans," called the voice of Kaoru Bate, the Jedi Grandmaster, over the communications speakers, "report to the Jedi Council Chambers. All Jedi Knights and Padawans."

"A gathered Jedi meeting," hummed Revan. "T3, stay here and watch for any stragglers. If you see any, take them out." T3 answered with an affirmative beep. Revan started for the Jedi Council Room, unsure of the news that awaited the Order.

* * *

><p>AN: I'm sorry I have not updated in so long. There's all this school stuff happening, and not much time to write this Fic... for now...

I will try to write more, and will, if I find time. Please Review! That may help me get the next chapters up faster. I have many plans for this fic.

Thank you in advance,

Kai

3. 2: Retaliation

The New Threat

**Chapter 2: Retaliation

>

Disclaimer: I own nothing. The works of Halo (characters and weapons) go to Bungie, while KotOR (same thing) go to LucasArts. Some elements were used in compliance with _Gipper 40_ 's story, and that doesn't belong to me either.

* * *

><p>The remains of the Jedi Order gathered in the main conference room, which the only casualty was a few missing seats. Revan was seated in his own seat, to which Jedi were still coming. Kaoru Bate was standing in the center stage seat, speaking.</p>

"Our only sanctuary was laid upon waste," Bate said, "as was this planet-wide city of Coruscant. We have lost many Jedi lives, although toll brought upon our Republic allies was even higher. What we know about our enemy or their intent still lies a mystery." He made a fist. "This will not be the only attack. We must defend... while one of us goes out to seek out our enemy."

"It will become war!" cried out another Jedi. "We don't need this needless bloodshed, do we?"

Revan turned at another presence, seeing Bastila taking a seat next to him. "Haven't seen you in a while, Revan commented. "You've been away somewhere?"

"I just got back from a Sith search," Bastila replied. "There's no

one on Korriban anymore, and Vjun is deserted. Even on Ambria, the Hssiss have even withdrew and didn't appear to me. But there have been whispers beyond the Unknown Regions. You returned from searching too?"

"I've visited all the planets within the rim that either are known for being Sith outposts or have a call of the Dark Side. Nothing."

"These aliens that Bate is talking about has nothing to do with the Dark Side?"

"Not that I'm aware of. They're dead to the Force for all I know." Revan shifted his legs and paid back attention to the Jedi Grandmaster.

"The act of initiative is now! In order to preserve our order, we must deal with these abominations!"

"I have to say something," Revan said. "I know something." And so he did, looking up at the Jedi Grandmaster. "Master Bate, these abominations are not the kind of species you think."

The Jedi Grandmaster looked down at Revan. "Jedi Revan," he said, "Prodigal Knight and once a savior to the Republic, what makes you say that?"

"These aliens, I have fought and spoke with them. They name themselves from a faction called the Covenant. This Covenant, they are more intelligent than you know. First, they prepared the raid, simultaneously prepping explosives at our most important facilities. Second, they aimed their focus in the Jedi Archives, in an attempt to gather our information. What can this explain, other than that these aliens know the most practical way of subduing an enemy: information, then the fight?

"They gather the intel on which we fight, while crippling our forces with one small movement. They initiate an invasion to mask their actual mission; finding our oldest traditions, finding a weakness, then utilizing that weakness against us."

There was a quiet mutter among all of the seats, even Bate was speaking to his adviser. "You have spoken well, Jedi Revan," Bate said. "We all know your prowess in the Mandalorian Wars. But what tactics will allow us to rid our enemy?"

"I do not know. This predicament brings me back to when I was recruiting members to join my cause into fighting in the Wars. But we aren't facing some race we've known for our lives. These aliens are more intelligent than the Mandalorians, and fight for much more than pride. Who shall join me, to rid our adversaries from our galaxy?"

No one spoke. They all spoke among themselves, trying to know which way was right.

"This goes bad for all of us," Bastila commented. "No one wishes to retaliate, given that they saw with their own eyes what had happened to Coruscant."

Revan looked down with closed eyes. "Then," he said aloud, "I shall go alone. Whoever here has a change of heart, follow me. But otherwise, if you won't... stay here. I shall not force anyone to follow; for I have done my part. Your choice is what counts." Revan turned heel and walked away from the room, into the hallway, toward the hangar bay.

"Revan!" Bastila called after him. He stopped for a brief moment, looking at her. "You're really going?"

"Like the Wars, anyone who messes around with my homeland messes with me. These aliens will be paid in full, whether my life is taken or not." He started forward, but Bastila stopped him by placing a hand on his shoulder. "I'm leaving. I may not come back."

Bastila looked down for a second. "Then please try to come back." Her hand moved from Revan's shoulder to the back of his head to pull him down. "For luck." She kissed him, to which he consented.

"Only the Force," Revan said as he pulled away. "But I'll accept your luck." Bastila brought back her arm and watched Revan leave. I will try to come back, Revan thought. For you. But I will be gone for a long time... a very long time.

* * *

><p>"T3," Revan said, "prepare my starfighter." The astromech droid rolled off, using his utilities to prime the ship. Revan looked up into the sky, seeing the outline of the Covenant capitol ship in the night. T3 whirred, to which Revan looked at the droid. T3 communicated that the starfighter was ready, and Revan jumped into the cockpit. "Wait for me," Revan said, "okay?" T3 hummed, obviously sad, but held his ground. "I'll be back, okay? Bastila will watch over you." T3 nodded, then retreated back into the main building.</p>

As the door opened, four Jedi walked into the hangar bay, one of which was one was, apart from being a lightsaber and Force-wielding expert, was Revan's third-in-command from the Mandalorian Wars. She was for better known as the Exile by many. "Meetra," Revan said, "you're coming?"

Meetra ran a hand through her hair. "I brought friends too." It somewhat bothered Bastila when she and Revan talked, but they kept their relationship at the bare minimum. She didn't know anything about the feelings between Revan and Bastila, so she thought Bastila was overreacting with the Dark Side temptation of love.

Revan nodded. "That makes five. You sure five can take out a thousand or so?"

"Absolutely!" Meetra said, giving Revan a thumbs-up. "We, higher than knight-status, can have these splitlips run away from us!" The three other Jedi cheered with Meetra.

Revan smiled, putting on the headset. "I'm leaving soon. We may never come back."

"What the hell are you talking about? Same thing you said for the Mandalorian Wars, and look at you. From the Dark Side and back. Same

here."

Revan chuckled. "Get in the starfighters. The Republic's gonna leave soon." Meetra nodded, guiding the other Jedi into their ships. The Republic air control signaled a take off, and Revan started the engine and soared toward space.

* * *

><p>"Revan, you sure where we're going?"</p>

Meetra's voice sounded clear in Revan's cockpit. Revan looked out of the airtight glass shell, seeing Meetra's starfighter gliding at the same speed as his. "The Republic should be here any minute. That's when we go get at the capitol ship..."

"Master Jedi! Coming loud and clear?"

"Jedi Knight Revan speaking," Revan responded. "Identification, please?"

"Lieutenant Doram, at your service. Target's the large vessel, isn't it?"

"Yes, lieutenant." The motion sensor on Revan's control panel pinged. "Incoming defense force! Initiate defense form two! Hawk's Eye!" The ships rolled into a scattered position. Revan kept his eyes peering out the glass, glancing at the motion tracker every few seconds. There was no movement... then a sun's glare.

Blue plasma rained down on the battalion, downing a ship. A scream sounded as the ships veered away from the coming explosion. "Plasma hail!" Lieutenant Doram yelled. "Republic forces, return fire! Attack web four, surround and make them sour!"

Revan guided his starfighter downward, firing upward on the Covenant spacecraft. Three blue plasma explosions flashed, the wreckage sent into space. Revan dodged a piece of a wing-piece of a wasted ship, then continued fire. "Jedi strike force! Get into the capitol! If we take control of that ship, they'll retreat!"

"Take down those shield doors, men!" The soldiers focus fired at the edges of the ship, but the shield doors didn't flicker. That was where the shield door controls were supposed to be, on regular ships. Revan then glimpsed a ship, the same one attacking the Jedi Temple on Coruscant, exit through the barrier with no harm coming to it.

"Follow my lead!" Revan called out over the communications lines. He boosted his starfighter toward the shield door, causing blue explosions to vehicles in his path. He occasionally gave a small push of the Force to crash two Covenant fighters into each other, causing brilliant fireworks in Revan's eyes. Meetra, the three other Jedi, and a third of the Republic Defense Array of Coruscant followed closely.

"If you're thinking what I'm thinking, you must be absolutely crazy!" Meetra yelled at Revan.

"And if we are thinking that same thing?" He gave another boost.

"There's still time to turn around." He heard no other objection, then shut his eyes as the shield door came closer and closer. _The Force... shall fight with me!_

* * *

><p>"We're in!" cried a Republic soldier. "Now we have to punch a hole!" Revan saw Covenant forces shooting at his starfighter, the Republic soldiers carefully placing sniper rounds into their heads. Energy shields either deflected off of them, quickly sparking it.</p>

Revan brought out Mantle of the Force and Heart of the Guardian and kicked the eject hatch, using the Force to carry him up. The plasma hail came upward toward him, but Revan twirled his lightsabers to reflect the bullets back at their owners. Half the room was covered with cyan and purple blood in just a few seconds. The others were quickly brought down by Meetra, the three Jedi, and the Republic. The Elites brought down by the Republic had a few seconds before dying, thanks to their energy shields.

"Get the schematics on this ship," Revan said. A Republic soldier released an astromech droid from the drop ship, which scurried over to a pedestal. It inserted the access probe in a small jack, whirring as it gathered information. It turned its camera-piece and showed a hologram of the ship. "Hangar B..." Revan said. "And the bridge is forward. We go on to the bridge. Fight valiantly, for your squad-mates will avenge those who die in battle! We will protect Coruscant, dying as martyrs. The same reposition as the Mandalorian Wars!"

"Hoo-rah!" the soldiers cried out, pumping a fist into the "air". A soldier wired the information into a datapad, and they trotted down the central corridor, the door opening as they approached it. The soldiers poured into the intersection room, watching the doors. The one in front had light purple lights lit, while the other two shone red. Revan approached the purple door, opening to his presence.

"Purple doors are unlocked ones," he said. "Reds are locked." He walked through the doorway and saw the door across the corridor open to have Covenant forces pile through. In addition to Grunts and Elites, there were also weird raptor-like aliens that carried an energy shield. The aliens stopped at the door while it switched red.

"Jackals, they're called," said the technician Republic soldier. "Says so in their databases. They usually carry energy shields to make up for poor constitution. Given the numbers, it looks like we're going in the right direction." Revan nodded and readied his lightsabers.

The aliens primed their plasma weapons and aimed them at Revan, Meetra, the three other Jedi, and the Republic soldiers. Revan initiated in the Soresu stance to fend off the coming plasma rounds, deflecting them back at the aliens. The Republic returned fire, taking out the Grunts and Elites. Two of the three Jedi threw a lightsaber, taking out the Jackals. "Go, go, go!" said the corporal in the strike force. "The faster we get this done, the faster we go home!"

The party of fifteen sprinted toward the door, but it suddenly opened and a green missile flew out and struck the first Republic soldier, causing a massive explosion, green flames acting as an explosion effect. Three Republic soldiers and two of the three Jedi fell to the ground, unmoving. Six soldiers were knocked back or against the wall, concussed by impact. Only the technician, Revan, and Meetra was left unharmed. A large blue figure with a glowing-green, blue arm-gun on its right arm and a large sword-like slab on its left stood in the doorway, spines standing erect on its back.

"Anti-infantry," the technician said, "named Hunters, cached as Lekgolo. Hard armor, fuel rod explosive rounds, and high-tempered alloy on its left limb. Uhh, that's all I need to tell you."

The Hunter fired another plasma shell, to which Revan reflected at the Hunter. The Hunter brought up the large sword-like object to shield itself. It seemed unfazed, but an orange liquid fell from the Hunter's body. It seemed to roar at Revan, but no sound came out.

"Any weakness?" Revan asked the technician.

"Well, obviously the armor it wears is a problem, so it isn't very agile. They can be fast, but that only works for a quick sprint or charge. Once they move, they can't stop, so they are prone to friendly 'fire' when swinging around its arm-shield. There are gaps in its neck, shoulder, elbow, waist, thigh, and knee areas; key targets when cutting away the weapons." Revan nodded as he ran up to the Hunter, right under its arm-shield.

The Hunter let out a low rumbling sound, probably gloating over Revan's choice of location. The Hunter raised its shield and brought it upon Revan. A crashing dent was left in the floor, Revan nowhere in sight.

"Revan?" asked Meetra.

"Erm... M-Master Jedi?" stammered the technician.

The Hunter then stood, its back arched. Orange fluid poured out, staining the purple metal. Revan stood over the now falling Hunter, releasing his lightsaber blade then looking back at Meetra, the technician, and the remaining Jedi. "We have a mission to do. All soldiers, get up! Apply your medpacs if you have to, but hurry up! Get moving!" The down soldiers got up, some helping others to their feet. The technician passed around medpacs, all of them treating their wounds immediately. Revan laid the fallen Jedi against the floor. Revan turned to the last remaining Jedi. "Two of our friends died here. Are you going to keep moving forward or are you going to attempt retreat?"

"Either path guarantees death," the Jedi Knight responded. "But I intend to die trying to protect Coruscant, and that's how it'll end." There was determination in the Jedi's eyes. Revan nodded before going through the double doors, the ten soldiers, the Jedi Knight, and Meetra following closely.

* * *

><p>"Commander, they're getting closer!" a Grunt supervisor called.</p>

An Elite in maroon armor, a Zealot-rank, approached the side of one in white. "Their skills seemed unmatched comparing to our warriors."

"We gathered enough intel from their networks," the Commander calmly replied. "The Great Rebirth will be given to us... we will bask in their power, bringing us more power. We will finish what the old Covenant could not."

"And we shall succeed. Focus all troops in their position! They shall not pass through the intersection room into the bridge."

* * *

><p>A shot buried itself into the wall behind Revan, not a few centimeters away from his face. A Republic sniper landed his shot in the Jackal's chest, killing it rather quickly. Revan unleashed a stream of Force lightning, a skill he learned during his days as a Sith Lord, at a gathering of Grunts and effectively roasting all of them. Meetra and the other Jedi used the Force to throw their lightsabers at Covenant forces around their floor. Plasma shots rained down upon them. Nonetheless, they forged on, only focused on getting to the bridge and driving away the ship.</p>

After one floor after another, a few Republic soldiers were picked off. After the third floor, Revan was left with only the Sniper, the other Jedi, Meetra, and himself. Revan disgustedly cursed the Covenant for the loss of the number of his followers. He burst through another door, cutting his way through the Elites, Grunts, and Jackals. Further and further they went, delving deeper toward the bridge.

Through another door, Revan suddenly stopped. His followers seemed confused. "They're gathering in this room," he explained. He lifted the datapad with the ship schematics on it. "Past this room is the bridge, and it's awfully big. And again, there is a fairly long corridor connecting the two."

"And there are numbers...?" Meetra asked.

"Over forty, but under sixty."

"Fifty-something split-lips and shorties..." the Sniper hummed.

"They knew we were coming all along..." Revan said.

* * *

><p>"The targets have stopped in Corridor D-3!" the Grunt supervisor called.</p>

"Why have they stopped?" The Zealot-ranked Elite asked the Shipmaster.

"They are skilled in their ways they call 'Force'. Their databases say they can predict or visualize areas... or so sense ambushes." The

Shipmaster Elite growled, his split-lip curling to a smile. "Break off their entire block!"

"Shipmaster," replied the Grunt supervisor, "but our brothers are still in that part of the sector..."

"Let them die with honor." The Commander pushed a set of symbols, flashing as he released a finger. "They are the Prophets' sacrifices for the Rebirth!"

"Should they wish to save their planet, they will forge on..." the Zealot-Elite said. "I will strike down our enemies, should they survive." And that Elite left the bridge room, striding toward an exit.

* * *

><p>AN: I hope you enjoyed Chapter 2 of The New Threat. Please leave a review, as that will greatly help with motivation towards this Fic. Thank you.**

**-Kai

>

[Return to Top](#)

4. 3: Dragged Along

The New Threat

Chapter 3: Dragged Along

**Disclaimer: I own nothing. The works of Halo (characters and weapons) go to Bungie, while KotOR (same thing) go to LucasArts. Some elements were used in compliance with Gipper 40's story, and that doesn't belong to me either. **

* * *

><p>A series of clanks worked its way into the corridor, followed by a rumble. "I have a bad feeling about this," Revan muttered. The Force was urging him to step through the door. A draft came from the door, pushing Revan's robes away from the door.</p>

"Are they pushing us away?" Meetra asked.

The other Jedi looked back. "I think they're pulling us away..."

"What makes you say that?"

He pointed backward, the floor giving away from behind the Jedi. "Into the next room, now!" Revan shouted. "Shien formation! They're salvaging the block we're on!" He dove into the door, oblivious of the plasma bolts that shot down upon him.

Meetra was quick to her feet to enter, but the other Jedi couldn't be luckier. Revan heard a cry before the vacuum of space drowned out his voice. The door shut closed, and Revan and Meetra were left fending

off plasma bolts. "We're the only ones left," Meetra said absent-mindedly, batting away a few plasma bolts at their sources.

"Sad. Can we take them all out?" Revan asked.

"I got nothing. Try your other lightsaber," Meetra suggested. Revan blocked another plasma shot, then used the Force to bring out Heart of the Guardian, his orange lightsaber, from his belt and ignite it. While deflecting the plasma, he threw the lightsaber around the room, cutting through the Elites, Jackals, Grunts, and the few Hunters in the room. In about ten seconds, Heart of the Guardian completed three revolutions, all the Covenant in the room dead. Revan snatched the orange lightsaber from the air, sheathing it and returning it to his belt.

"Let's go."

They approached the door to the bridge corridor of the ship, just to be flanked by two Elites in gold armor, armed with Energy Swords. Revan lifted Mantle of the Force and spun it menacingly at the Elites. His eyes seemed to sting from its hot breath washing over his face as the Elite in front of him drew closer.

They seem a bit hell-bent.... Revan thought. He jumped back a bit and readied his lightsaber at the Elite. The alien charged at Revan with an overhand blow, to which Revan easily sidestepped and hit at the Elite's side, flickering its shields and downing it with a good-sized scratch. The Elite, enraged, snarled at Revan before going in for another strike. Revan blocked the hit and spun to behind the Elite, ending its life with a backward thrust into the Elite's back. A shriek accompanied its death. A similar scream signified Meetra had dealt with her's as well.

The purple doors swung open, a maroon-colored Elite walking into the room. The same rank Elite as the one from Coruscant! thought Revan.

"None of you shall pass," the Elite growled. "You all have dealt with us enough, and we shall destroy you, and when your gathering is annihilated, your planet's surface will be naught but glass." It brandished two Energy Swords, one in each hand. Revan and Meetra readied their lightsabers, Revan in an Ataru stance while Meetra entered into a Djem So stance.

Meetra dove in first, her lightsaber meeting with a lock with the Elite. In doing so, the Elite brought his second Energy Sword up at Meetra's side, whom deftly brought her boot against the flat of the sword, and kicked it a good distance away. "I'll deal with Splitty here!" Meetra called to Revan, "you get going to the bridge!"

"Raar!" the Elite growled, "disgraceful human!" It turned its attention away from Revan as Meetra smacked the Elite across its face with her fist. "Dishonorable!" it cursed.

Revan heard the door close behind him, looking back at the door, wondering if Meetra would be okay. It had already turned red, locking itself. There was no reason to turn back now. "I'm alone again," he thought aloud. "Just like that day with Malak..." Revan walked

forward, listening to his footsteps resound against the metal floor. In the distance, there was a door, a different model than the other doors.

He walked up against the door to the bridge, standing there for a while. What do I have to do? Kill the pilots and try something else? Revan pondered this, trying to make the direction of his own mission clear to himself.

* * *

><p>"One intruder spotted in Corridor D1!" the Grunt supervisor said. "Has the Lieutenant failed to hold them off?"</p>

"In that case, we'll be leaving this planet. It is no use forcing our way in, despite what the gods have paved for us. Enter slipspace warp, Coordinates X-9310, Y-4820, Z-3014. We are regrouping at Zero-Six.

"Evacuate the Lieutenant. He can deal with whatever shame he had faced later. I doubt this shall be the last time we will be seeing any of our current adversaries."

* * *

><p>Another rumble resounded in the room. Revan came back to himself, then placed a hand on the pedestal against the door. The door slid open, revealing a large room, a large window against the front of the ship. An Elite in white armor stood with its back turned to Revan, watching the plasma bolts fly about in space with the occasional explosion. Grunts worked to the sides, similar to the bridge layout of Sith warships.</p>

"Demon is here!" cried a door Grunt, somewhat startled. Revan merely jolted the Grunt with Force Lightning, while swinging Mantle of the Force at the other Grunt, which was to his right. He walked up to the Elite, his cyan blade glowing in the somewhat dim room.

"You are to be admired to have gotten this far," the white-armored Elite declared, now facing Revan. "But it was all in ruin - you will not survive the punishment that we have in store."

"Big talk," Revan said. "Your delusions of grandeur will be the least of your problems, which will allow us to be rid of your kind." He steeled his eyes at the Elite, waving his lightsaber menacingly. "All I have to do is get rid of you, and all my, and the Republic's, troubles will be over."

"No... we only meant you." The Elite brandished an Energy Sword, then charged toward Revan. Revan started out with his Ataru stance, blocking the initial strike made by the Elite. Wheeling around, Revan ducked, disconnecting from the blade lock, then brought Mantle of the Force up in a graceful arc, but missed the Elite barely, almost nicking its split-lip. He compensated with another spin, adding a kick at the Elite's face. The Elite staggered back a few steps, then primed his weapon again, his armor sparking from the melee ordeal.

Revan lunged, his lightsaber meeting the Energy Sword in a lock. He kicked the Elite's sword hand, hearing a decent enough crack sound

from the fractured bone. Crying out in rage and pain, the Elite dropped his sword and let his hand droop down to his side. Revan lunged forward again, but the Elite sidestepped and elbowed Revan in the stomach, followed by a kick. Ignoring the pain, Revan used the Force to roll himself upward, then landed into a crouch.

For one who lost a hand, Revan thought, _he's actually pretty good._ He gripped at his stomach, hugging around the pained area. The Elite bent down, picking up his Energy Sword in its left hand. _Judging by their strength in one arm, probably they can fare just and easily with a left hand or right hand..._ Revan initiated in his Djem So stance.

The Elite charged forward, spinning to the left as he approached Revan. The move made Revan jump back, but didn't prevent his cloak from being cut. The Elite pushed forward, pressing his attacks and causing Revan to back up more and more. _Djem So_ was quickly transitioning into _Soresu_, given that the continuation of battering caused Revan to neglect counters. Revan saw an opening, but his stance put him out of place to strike proceedingly.

The Elite had pressed Revan against the wall now, nicking away at the corners of his robes. A menacing thrust caused Revan to roll away and start the counterattacks from _Ataru_, first striking at the Elite's arm. His shields deflected the blade slightly, but they were left critical; sparking. The Elite roared in annoyance, swinging the Energy Sword in an attempt to slice Revan's head off. Revan ducked under the blade and swung _Mantle of the Force_ in an uppercut-lunging fashion. He heard a cry, then the clatter of the Energy Sword hilt falling to the ground.

"I have failed, but you have lost..." whispered the Elite, grasping the enormous cut out of its chest, "No one can win a war without pawns... and honorable are those... whom have been sacrificed... for the outcome..."

"Your species will fall. The Covenant... will... reign!" Revan disgustedly pulled his saber out of the white-Elite, returning the saber to his belt after de-igniting it. There was a rumble underneath Revan's feet, and he ran over to a screen. It read:

Slipspace sequence detected. Coordinates set for X8305, Y8203, Z 8410. Slipspace complete at 2:34. The countdown had already started. Outside the bridge window, a purple portal-like inclusion had formed at the ship's nose.

"Shit!" Revan cursed, making a run out of the bridge. _We have to get out... or who knows where we'll end up!_ Revan went through the doors, seeing Meetra looking up at the ceiling.

"He ran," she said, "the coward."

"We have to get off this ship, now!" Revan said, taking Meetra by the arm and literally dragging her behind him. "Their consoles say something about slipspace. I don't know what the hell that is, but the Force is telling me to leave _right now_. "

"Sounds like hyperspace or something," Meetra said. "Look, if what you're saying is true, gimme that schematics datapad." Revan tugged it from his belt and handed it to Meetra, letting her free to run.

"Second left is the main room! We can jump down, then run straight for the hangar bay."

"That's fine by me!" Revan took the turn, then leapt down. Plasma bolts came flying at them, but they all somehow missed him. "Ignore them!" He and Meetra came through the plasma hail, then through the door. Revan Force'ed the door shut. The ship shook violently again. _At this rate, the ship may as well be through that portal halfway through!_

They arrived at the hangar bay in pursuit of leftover Covenant forces. _They're in retreat!_ a Republic soldier's voice cried. _We've scared them away! Look at 'em leave through that portal!_

Meetra jumped into the open cockpit of her starfighter, priming its engines. Revan did the same, but as he was about to take off, his starship failed. _What's going on? Everything's... powering down?_ Outside, a blue aura was glowing, and electricity was jolting from the wire panels. _EMP?_ Revan cursed, quickly flipping the ignition switch, attempting to override the electromagnetic effect. The starship burst to life, lifting off the ground and evading another EMP emitter.

"Revan!" Meetra's voice called out. "Get out of there!"

"What," Revan inquired, "I'll be fine, right?"

"Slipspace rupture becomes a mini-black hole, then a supernova flash! Get out of there now!" She shouted into the comms system again, "All Republic ships, retreat to Coruscant!" Revan jammed on the accelerator, but it had already been too late: a current was sucking him in, and he saw Coruscant getting smaller... smaller... and smaller...

"Bastila!" he hopelessly cried out, as the fabric of space closed behind him, and the torrent bashing at his starfighter knocked him unconscious.

When Revan came to, he looked around, seeing nothing but the stars. He flipped the ignition switch, but his fighter did not power up, regardless how he spammed the controls. He brought a fist upon the dashboard, then checked his radio signal. Static.

I'm alone again. Not just facing Malak, but I'm in the Unknown Region; deeper than I had ever been. No longer is Rakatan Prime the last planet I have seen...

His starfighter flipped over in its frozen form, and Revan saw a weird structure, a dome with a cone of spires protruding from a central beam, sticking straight out of the center of the dome. Small lights zoomed around its circumference, and Revan could only realize they were Covenant Capitol Ships.

Oh... Force.

* * *

><p>"You still haven't told us where Revan is," Kaoru Bate said.<p>

"I told you!" Meetra was saying. "I saw his starfighter come out of the Covenant ship's hangar, but was sucked into what they call a _slipspace_ rupture. It seems like a more advanced form of hyperspace for all I know!" Meetra, being the only surviving strike force team member, was in the Jedi Council Room. She was being interrogated with questions and had to answer with information she knew barely about.

Or so she thought.

"Well, we know about this "slipspace", but explain Revan's location..."

"I already know where Jedi Knight Revan is," Master Dorian Austa, a Selkath, said. "He is with the enemy, only to be sucked in by the mini-black hole effect, and now has ended up where the Covenant have spaced to."

"Revan now rests in the hands of the Covenant."

* * *

><p>AN: I want to thank _King1367 _for first review of this story. Thank you very much!**

Sure, the beginning is a bit crappy and rushed, more so than I wished it... but I couldn't find pieces to put in between. But please Review. Always accepting, and motivates me to write this.

Thanks!

-Kai

5. 4: A Proxy Invasion

The New Threat

Chapter 4: A Proxy Invasion

Disclaimer: I own nothing. The works of Halo (characters and weapons) go to Bungie, while KotOR (same thing) go to LucasArts. Some elements were used in compliance with **_Gipper 40_****'s story, and that doesn't belong to me either. **

* * *

><p>Revan walked down the ramp of the Covenant city, Forbidden Chalice, flanked by two honor guard Elites bearing lances. Grunts, Jackals, and other Covenant species he couldn't name hurled insults at him in Basic, to which he wanted to break free and permanently shut their mouths. But he could not risk gathering the attention of over a hundred-thousand soldiers just by an alien calling him a "disposable waste of honor and skill" or a "beam-blade bastard". Revan just ground his teeth, but the back of his mind told him the names suddenly became more "honoring".<p>

It had been about an hour since his starfighter was tractor beamed

into the Covenant city, his trial of killing two commanding officers and a hundred's worth of soldiers, then attempting to sabotage a Capitol ship. The jury told him he was lucky that his execution would be in twenty-eight hours, but Revan didn't know what to do in that lifespan. He couldn't plan an escape, since he was deprived of his lightsabers, and had them stored in the armory or someplace else. Perhaps the Elite that confiscated them still bore them.

The guards threw Revan into a brig room, where other humans also sat in individual cells. Another Elite, wearing brown armor, stood at a podium, overlooking the room and directly from the door. "Another human joins the rest of you garbage," the Elite gloated as Revan entered the room. "And another less human to deal with." He growled as he sized Revan. "So, human. Tell me your name?"

Revan closed his eyes. "I am innocent of any crime committed against me." He called upon the Force to dominate the Elite's mind.

"Oh? The council says you are charged with the death of two high-ranking officers and nearly a hundred soldiers. On top of that, there is also the attempt of hijacking a ship. Do you think we will let you go so easily?"

It didn't work?

"Tell me your name, and we will be slightly lenient. I might allow you to speak with the other inmates here; all of them have told me their name."

Revan sighed. He decided to use his "generated identity" name, when the Jedi Council had wiped his mind prior to the Jedi Civil War. "Harkus," he said. "Harkus Tonthald."

"Harkus..." the Elite seemed to ponder the name. "Bring this man to Cell B-12. His execution will be tomorrow, so I guess you may return to where the council suggests." The guards pushed Revan to the designated cell, then primed the plasma shield door to lock him in. The plasma bonds detached, falling to the ground with a _plink_.

"Ahh, now we have some fresh meat!" said a man's voice. It was hoarse, as if the Covenant didn't give enough water in the prison meals. "One by the name of Harkus too? Well, let the angels hark then!"

"Shut up, Darius," said another voice. This one was low and gruff, the voice of a disciplined soldier. "His name doesn't sound like one of ours, so he can't be from Earth, Harvest, Reach, or any place we call home."

Earth, Harvest, and Reach?

"Ha, he isn't even dressed in combat uniform!" Darius cried out. "Instead, it's fancy robes and cloaks! What do you think makes him more different than us than that, Richardson?"

Wait... never mind their voices... I should plan on escape. Revan hustled over to the side of the plasma door, looking for a control panel. Turns out it was the odd looking box just outside the door... _Perhaps I can compress it with the Force?_ Revan glanced at the

guard Elite whom put his head down and crossed its arms. Sleeper. _What a coincidence..._ Revan told himself. He let out his right hand and pressed it against the plasma door, which was somewhat pushing him back. It felt soft and a bit hot to the touch. He rested his left on his hidden tanto.

"Hey, New-guy," asked a third human. "You haven't been saying anything... what'cha doing?"

The shield generator exploded, catching the attention of the Covenant guard and causing him to draw a firearm. The shield door dissipated to nothing. "I guess your execution begins now..." it said.

"I shall be your executioner," declared Revan, raising his ignited tanto. "And I will leave this place." Revan threw the tanto, slicing through the air and the Elite's neck, to which the Elite's body; what was left of it; fell to the ground. Using the Force to guide his weapon back, Revan walked to the corpse and picked up its weapon, a weird purple rifle thing, a green dial near the start of the barrel. Revan saw a magazine of the same round, picking those up, stowing his tanto in its place.

"Holy shit!" a marine cried. "That was so awesome I nearly pissed my pants!"

"Dude, you just went too far, Fitz," said Richardson. "Well, Harkus, nice dagger and moves; I guess the uprising starts here?" He looked up at the Jedi.

Revan answered with a single round to the shield generators each. The shots were a straight rod of green, piercing rounds until the whole shot collapsed. The green dial declined to two-thirds full, on account for the shots fired. There were five marines in all, six including himself. "If anyone has any map schematics, I suggest they get brought up here," Revan declared. "Otherwise, we'll have a hard time locating the armory, or overall, trying to escape."

"I have the map stuff here," Richardson said. "The armory is three floors up, albeit heavily encrypted, taken by the grav-lift. It may take a while to punch through the patrols though."

Revan tossed two plasma rifles at Richardson and the third marine, who identified himself as Weston. "The other three, behind us. Don't get shot, because we'll need all the men we can get." Darius, Fitz, and the fifth marine; Ferrick; nodded their heads. Revan led the way, walking to the door and seeing it swing open.

A Grunt was sleeping at the door, along with two more sleepers at the door to the main hall. Revan motioned with an assassination command; and Darius and Ferrick went up to the main door guards while Fitz chose the holding cell one. Revan counted down with his fingers ending in a fist, which the marines seized the Grunts by the mouth-apparatus and twisted their necks. They picked up the fallen weapons from the dead bodies. "Outside," Revan instructed, "stay out of sight, and take them out quietly. When they return fire, go loud." The main hall door opened as Revan neared it, and a few Elites patrolled this floor, but they were more concentrated on the grav-lift than the holding cell doors.

Revan snuck up to the Elite, covering its split-lip and slamming his

tanto into the Elite's side. Its cry was muffled significantly and attracted no other attention. Revan slowly laid the Elite to the ground, the Force needed to augment Revan's strength to compensate the alien's weight. No sound was made.

Revan gestured the marines forward, but barely at the sound of gunfire, the pitter-patter of gunfire and the clanking of shoes on the Covenant metal. Plasma rained upon the ground floor, accompanied by the bang of a rifle bullet followed by a path of steam.

"Reinforcements are here!" cried a marine. "They probably came to rescue us!"

"Sound off!" Revan instructed, firing his weapon at the Grunts, Elites, and Jackals at the lower floors. The marines shot the plasma firearms they scavenged, whereas Richardson had swapped his Plasma Rifle for a weird, pink needle firearm. The needles traced a target, resulting in a beautiful pink explosion when enough were embedded in the target's flesh.

Revan went forward, shooting the rifle at the Covenant forces and effectively dropping them to the ground. They went down a ramp to the floor under them, to which they approached a squad of ten humans, one of which was dressed in an armor, colored grey and red, that made him stand over each of the other humans. "Admiral Richardson," stated the large cyborg-human. "We have come for the extraction."

"Chief," Richardson said, stepping forward. "It was fortunate you came. This team was the last squad to have been executed, just in the next day."

"Who's the new guy?" A light-skinned man came forward, quickly gesturing at Revan. "He looks very fancy in robes." It seemed that he had a Coruscanti accent.

"This is my personal attire, sir," Revan responded. He added sir to get on the humans' good side, and somehow find more about the Covenant. He wouldn't be able to escape Forbidden Chalice alone.

"Well, plasma kinda burns robes, but whatever suits you." The man shrugged before outstretching a hand. "I know this is a bad time for introduction, but my name is Sergeant Adam Maximus. My men call me Max."

"Harkus Tonthald," Revan responded. "We have extraction in what location?"

"The hangar bays. We have Pelicans to transport us, whereas our soldiers are currently fending off the Covenant while we extract. Move out!" Max nodded his head at the grav-lift, to which the cyborg-human and the marines filed toward the elevator. "We'll talk more once we get back to Home Base. Right now, just follow my lead, shoot some bastards, and get the hell off this... rock, I guess." Max himself walked into the grav-lift, rising quickly as he moved into the anti-gravity.

Revan cautiously walked in which he was quickly projected upward, causing his heart to leap. The internal structure was peculiar, plasmic lights going through lines in a linear pattern, almost like pulses tracing the circuits of a motherboard.

Above, a hatch opened, bringing Revan to another floor of the city. The humans were already returning fire at the Covenant as they ran across a bridge to another door. Revan ran forward to catch up with the humans, running through the plasma rain and subsequently dodging them all. The door shut behind him, but he didn't stop running. He pressed onward, through the hall and another door, until a large greyish-green fighter came into view. "There's our extract," Max announced. "Our Pelican ship..."

"Sergeant Max!" A voice cried, "you're back with Delta team?"

"Affirmative. We also picked up an outsider."

"Watch out! We have movement..." There was a clanking of metal, and a figure crashed down in front of the fighter. An Elite, bearing an Energy Sword, topped with white armor. "A Councillor Elite!" the Pelican pilot called. It looked like the Elite that took Revan's lightsabers.

"Shit our bad luck!" Max cried. He emptied his sub-machine gun, the bullets melting away as it hit the Elite's Energy Sword. It growled at the humans, the only thing in between them and the Pelican loading ramp.

"I can take care of this," Revan said, throwing his Covenant rifle at an empty-handed marine. He drew his tanto, holding it in a reverse grip. The purple blade ignited, drawing out of the hilt. He dashed forward, spinning around to add momentum to the dagger strike. He felt the strength of the Elite's block upon his tanto. "Get into the Pelican!" Revan called. "I can hold him off!"

Max nodded and ushered his men into the Pelican. "Good luck, Harkus!" he called to Revan.

"Not that I might need any..." Revan muttered, aiming another stab at the Elite's arm. As the Elite blocked, Revan attempted to step on the Elite's feet, resulting in the fight to transition into one of having their feet dance around. In doing so, the Elite swung at Revan, who caught the blade with a parry to spin around and smack the Elite in the head with his free hand. The alien staggered back and shook off the pain, roaring at Revan a second time.

Revan heard the rush of air behind him, seeing the Pelican hover above the floor. Max was standing at the loading ramp, gesturing Revan forward. "You can stop dancing now!" Revan pushed the Elite back, seeing his lightsabers at the Elite's waist. He snatched them away with the Force before turning to run at the leaving Pelican. Plasma turrets deployed and fired at Revan, trying to cripple him. He had to use the Force, to deflect the plasma rounds, to prevent being hit. When he thought he was close enough, Revan jumped up and was pulled in by Max just as the hatch started to close.

The marines were sitting down in the ship chairs, weapons on their laps, discussing what had happened amongst themselves. The cyborg-human, whom the marines addressed "Chief," was standing up, weapon at his back, and holding onto a strap latched on the roof. Max took a seat in an empty chair, resting his gun on his lap. Revan stowed his lightsabers at his belt, then sighed as he grabbed a

strap. "Tell me," Revan said. "What is the Covenant, basically, why are they at war with humans, and what the hell is Earth, Harvest, and Reach?"

Suddenly, the tension in the Pelican rose as all the marines' heads turned to face Revan. Max stared at him in bewilderment. "You've got to be fucking kidding, right?"

"Who's kidding?" Revan asked. He projected Force Dominate, then said, "Tell me what I want to know."

The cyborg-human raised his gun and pointed it at Revan. "Is he a spy?" he asked.

Max put up a hand, and Chief lowered his gun. "Harkus..." Max said, "Harkus. That's not your real name, ain't it?" Revan's eyes beamed. "And looks like I guessed right."

Shit.

* * *

><p>AN: Thank you for reading Chapter Four of The New Threat. Please leave a review and state an opinion of how I did, so I may learn what to do in the future if there are any mistakes/misconceptions.**

Thank you again,

_**Kai**
>

6. 5: Clarification

The New Threat

Chapter 5: Clarification

Disclaimer: I own nothing. The works of Halo (characters and weapons) go to Bungie, while KotOR (same thing) go to LucasArts. Some elements were used in compliance with **_Gipper 40_****'s story, and that doesn't belong to me either. **

* * *

><p>It was silent in the Pelican. All eyes were trained on Revan waiting for him to speak. This is bad. All of these people are probably from Earth, Harvest, or Reach. And I don't know where any of them are... much less what they are anyway... Revan took a deep breath.

"Okay," he said. "You got me. Harkus isn't my real name, but I don't give out my real name to people. Harkus is my casual name, and not many know my real name anyway.

"But I can assure you I am no spy, but I had recently fought with the Covenant, until I got taken away by a slipspace rupture they created while jumping back to Forbidden Chalice. I understand the suspicion that you have for me for not recognizing any of your colonies, but I

can only guarantee my allies are light years away."

"So I guess we won't be learning his real name anytime now," stated the cyborg-human while he lowered his gun. "I still recommend killing him to relieve ourselves of the trouble."

"He got our men out of Chalice. Much more, he helped us escape Chalice. We can give him our minimal trust, but only to the point until Hood says so. Then we'll see how we shall deal with him."

* * *

><p>The Pelican touched ground, giving signal that it had landed. The loading ramp opened, showing a large metallic room filled with patrolling marines. A window showed an endless sea of stars.</p>

Max got up from his seat, hefting his rifle. "Richardson, tell your men to update their status. You aren't MIA anymore, are you?"

"Yes, Max. Marines, move out!" The men got up, grasping their weapons as they exited the Pelican. Max held onto Revan's shoulder, causing him to turn around. "You're gonna follow me." Max released Revan's shoulder and walked out of the Pelican dropship. Revan followed Max through the metallic halls, his robes hiding his lightsabers from view and effectively drawing away attention. Max came up to a door, entered a string of digits on a keypad, opening a door.

Inside the room, rows of consoles were set up displaying maps, status reports, research databases, and change logs; each with an operator at the screens. A man in a white suit and headpiece stood at the front of the ship, facing a large window at the endless sea of stars. "Sergeant Max," he said as Max approached, "your mission was a success?"

"Yessir," Max replied, standing straight a setting the side of his flat right palm at his forehead. "Along the way, we have picked up a straggler, by the looks of it."

The man, whom Revan thought to be Hood, put a hand to his head, then swung his head back and forth. Regaining his composure, Hood turned around and looked at Revan, his hands behind his back. "Welcome to Accra Station," he said. "I'm Fleet Admiral Lord Hood." He outstretched a hand,

"Harkus Tonthald." Revan shook the man's hand.

"It has been a while since we've gotten any newcomers. Ever since the Elites had signed that treaty with us, everyone thought the war was over. But the Covenant's back, in which making that treaty dissolve." Hood looked up, his eyes piercing through Revan's. "I want to ask, how did you come to Forbidden Chalice anyway?"

"I was separated by a slipspace rupture," Revan said. "But there was even more before that. Things I was obligated not to tell."

* * *

><p>"I'm sorry, Bastila."</p>

Meetra had walked out of the Jedi Council room into the hall, and

Bastile had been there waiting. When the news of Revan's disappearance reached her, she could only shake her head at the fact he was dead.

"Look, I've tried calling him, only to hear static; either he's gone somewhere very far away or dead. No one's gonna go into the Unknown Regions to look for him, and everyone's gonna say he's simply dead."

"He is not dead!" Bastila cried out, rage mixed into her voice. "He's lost... but I can feel he's still alive!" She shut her eyes tightly, feigning tears. "He can't be dead...!"

Meetra was at a loss for words. She couldn't find anything to say, so she just started to walk away. She claims Revan is still alive... but if he is, where is he? And why hasn't he tried contacting us? Meetra knocked her forehead with her fist, berating herself. I should have been able to cover him... but that would not have done any good. Then we wouldn't have gotten the fact he is now missing.

At least he's not missing because of his own intent.

* * *

><p>"Lord Hood! Here are the results of Harkus's shooting session!" The marine handed Hood a document, listing off accuracy-timing graphs, and reload tests. Revan had gotten a glimpse of the document, being asked if he wanted to "try again."</p>

"All excellent or perfect?" Hood hummed. "The last recruit we had whom could have done that was John."

"Well," Revan said. "The weapons were a bit bulkier than I thought, and I kinda use plasma shots better than lead bullets." He shrugged at his own comment.

"Nevertheless, you are an exceptional sharpshooter. Should we be able to put you on the field so early?"

"I am ready at any time," Revan said. It will also allow me to keep up on what the Covenant are up to.

"In that case, given by the results, he is eligible for our SPARTAN-III project. We cannot afford to lose him so easily, and so giving him the enhanced strength and energy shields will keep him alive." Hood turned, facing the sea of stars, which was drifting towards a planet, colored mostly orange with a few seas of green and blue.

"Is it possible to just implement energy shields?" Revan asked, stepping forward. "I do not wish to be injected with something that could have potential side effects."

"That's something else that concerns me, Commander," the test supervisor said. "The strength serum injection could kill one without enough muscle cells, and not to mention all the other implants and injections. Could we take the shield generator off the SPARTAN suit and implement it into Harkus's robes somehow? He's strong enough as is."

"Possibly," Hood said. "Ask Songnam to construct a shield generator, make it as flat as possible to accommodate light clothing." The technician nodded and saluted before leaving. Hood turned to Revan. "Now, Harkus, I've heard from Sergeant Max that you've just been caught up in the Second Human-Covenant War. Anyway, the Ha... uh, there's nothing for them to be after."

They're hiding something? "Perhaps there is another reason that they might want to take? Or may it be a kind of grudge?"

"Whispers say they're doing for a 'Great Rebirth.' Whatever it is, it was as vague as the Great Journey from a decade back. Can you fill us up on the details... Lisithea?"

_Li... _sith_... ea?_

A blue hologram of a woman in a human army admiral suit with a thigh-length dress materialized into view on the pedestal next to Hood. "Their battle-net from the last hack stated it was 'to finish what our predecessors could not,'" she said with crossed arms. "I would say that it is, if not exactly, similar to their first message." She looked at Revan. "A newcomer? You look someone who came from the movies."

Revan shrugged. "I guess I get that a lot. Can you explain their first message?"

"I'll just play it." She shrugged as a control board appeared in her hologram and she tapped a few controls. A screen appeared behind Lisithea, featuring a sound bar. The recording was scratchy, as if corrupted or old, but the message was clearly heard.

The will of the gods are your destruction... and we are their instrument. We are... the Covenant.

The room became silent, compared to the liveliness just moments before the recording was played. The screen behind Lisithea disappeared along with the control board that was in front of her.

Revan played this message again in his head. His mind flashed back to his first encounter with the Covenant. _"The Covenant... shall have... its revenge! And my... brethren will destroy you...! I may have failed... but you have lost... Your world... in smoke... For our Great Rebirth...!"_

Then the Shipmaster Elite. _"Your species will fall. The Covenant... shall reign!"_

"I should have known," Revan said. "They are going to try eradicating all human life in the universe. But is their army enough to hurt us and our army?"

Hood closed his eyes. "We wished to keep this top-secret. So many have died to fight against this structure. Lisithea, fill him on the details."

* * *

><p>Halo.

It's shape like a ring, and the shot fired is pure energy, giving off a resemblance of an angel's halo filled with the power of God. Any sentient life in its blast radius, three radii of a galactic center, dies. It is by this ring, or array of rings that the Covenant wish to destroy us with.

The UNSC have officially destroyed one Halo, named Installation Zero-Four, and, prematurely, its replacement, Zero-Four-B. We stopped the Halo named Installation Zero-Five from activating, which put the rings in standby, thus we ventured to the Ark to stop the rings' activations. But, as a result, the Master Chief, SPARTAN One-One-Seven, has gone missing, the first to go officially missing during battle.

_But each time we approached a Halo, a virulent being known as the Flood attacked us, becoming more powerful as our forces died. Due to the losses of both the Covenant and the Humans, the Flood's supply of armymen are threefold that of the Humans' and the Covenant's... _put together_. They gain forces by assimilating our bodies with their nerve system, then mutating the host body with its own DNA, completely using the bodies against us all the while naturally enhancing the shell which was formerly alive._

And that is why the Halo was formed: to stop the Flood... by killing its food; all other sentient life. We have three objectives: to stop the Halos from firing, defeat the Covenant in war, and prevent the extinction of the Human race.

It has been done once by the Forerunners. Now it's our turn.

* * *

><p>Revan withdrew himself from the video projection, then stood up from his seat. He stretched out his neck and limbs before taking the seat again. His knees were still too stiff for him to walk. "A Halo," Revan said. "That is what the Covenant are hoping to destroy us with?"</p>

"Exactly," Lisithea replied. "And so we have to beat them to it and take the indexes. Then we'll put them in Cold Storage or snap them." Lisithea shrugged. "Otherwise, they want to go to the Ark, and so we'll have to colonize that area and build a ton of AA-towers and AG-towers. Then move our fleet there and make it suicide to even attempt to activate the Halos. Have the Sentinels contain the Flood containment. Make it impossible to activate the Halos."

"Why not just do what you just said?"

"It would take too long. To raise a city takes nearly years to accomplish. A nation takes decades and even centuries. Then to have resources takes a suitable planet, which the Ark has flora and fauna species we haven't been able to identify. Otherwise, we would have done so after the First Human-Covenant War."

Revan looked up. "Things change during and after wars... first, all goes well, then something screws it up."

"May Private Thonthald report to the bridge. Private Thonthald."

There was a click ending the message.

"Duty calls... must mean they got the shield unit." Lisithea nodded as she dissipated to hologram bits. Revan stood up and exited out the door to his left and walked toward the bridge, which was, amazingly, the room next to the Archives room. Revan strolled down the central aisle and approached Hood. "We received the device from Songnam. If you could take this and press it against your robes, it would automatically adhere to the fabric. But careful, it could get a bit hot."

Revan thanked the Admiral before leaving to his quarters. He walked out of the bridge, down the platform stairs, and staged a left toward the Habitat wing. I was assigned to Habitat Gamma... wherever that is.... Revan pushed a button and an elevator door opened. He stepped inside and pressed the symbol of an H for Habitat. The elevator took him downward, toward the Hangar Bays.

The overhead light at the top of the elevator shone on an H. The doors swung open to reveal two corridors. Revan looked for the Gamma symbol, something like an inverted L. The symbol was at Revan's forward right, and located the number seventy-seven as the room number. He reached an intersection after fifty, and rooms fifty-one through one-hundred were to his left.

His room door was metallic; like a blast door, except only was about half the blast door. There was a small slot, which Revan inserted his ID, marked as Harkus Tonthald. The slot shone green, and Revan removed the card before walking inside.

"Home," Revan said. He looked around the metallic room, only a bed and a small table taking up its space. In addition, it wasn't the smell of the durasteel he was used to. Could this be... steel?

Revan let himself drop onto the bed and removed his outer cloak. There were a few plasma burns on it, but thanks to the nanobots that repaired and refreshed the clothing, most of the burns were being slowly patched before his eyes. Revan turned it inside out before he used the Force to prevent any of the bots into an area of the generator, and pressed the generator against the cloak. There was a beep and a low hissing sound as the generator set itself. Revan's hand became hot from pressing against the metal and he was awarded with a small burn.

"Thanks for sharing," Revan said, sucking his burned thumb. The nanobots weaved over the metal and patched over the generator. Revan flipped it on, a low humming sound playing as a yellow shell seemed to charge against the fabric. Revan put his cloak on and saw the light rise before his eyes.

Shields.... he thought. And not like the shield I have back at home; it's probably better than the Mandalorian Power Shield...! Revan clenched his fist, which movement wasn't rigid at all, like the shield was more of a bubble than a shell.

Revan got up from his bed and walked over to his desk, which beheld his personal computer. Revan was disappointed it wasn't like a datapad, but accessed the records. He was about to read more about the Humans he was acquainted to, but came a loud rumble, a shake like an earthquake, and a bursting red light.

"Boarders at Habitat Alpha!"

"Alpha_?" Revan cried. He ran over to a hatch in the wall, which opened up to reveal an assortment of items; the M7-Caseless Submachine Gun, the M6G PDWS Magnum and the BR55 Battle Rifle. Originally, Revan kept a M392 DMR, short for Designated Marksman Rifle instead of the BR55. Instead, Revan merely stocked the Magnum into his thigh holster, and the Battle Rifle magnetically attached to his back by the shield generator. At a drawer, Revan armed himself with two fragmentation grenades and a combat knife. He neared the door, which sounds of fire could be heard, as well as the Covenant's rasping of Basic.

"Take down their defenses!" cried an Elite. "If we take down these stations, we shall have a straight shot at their planet!" Revan silently opened the door to reveal a small firefight between Covenant hiding behind the storage barrels at the front of the Gamma hallway, and at the door's threshold. Marines were fighting behind hastily put barricades.

Revan caught the attention of a marine, who inconspicuously saluted. Revan performed the gesture for closing the blast door, which the marine hesitantly did. Revan primed and threw a frag-grenade into the Covenant, sealing the explosion with a wall of Force. The shrapnel bounced off the Force wall, into the dying Covenant already wounded by the initial detonation. Revan walked out and stepped on a dying Grunt's head, smashing its skull.

Revan knocked on the blast door with an intricate tune, and the door almost immediately opened. He was met with Richardson, who bore a helmet and a DMR. "Sup," he said.

"Took me a while to suit up," Revan replied. "Hope that wasn't a problem."

"We got the job done. Marines, hold this position! More boarding craft will arrive shortly. Harkus, you come with me; the Fleet Admiral wishes to have an audience with you."

* * *

><p>AN: Sorry for the late update. There was a competition last weekend, and lots of family stuff before that one. I apologize for not updating for three weeks, but I hoped you enjoyed this chapter of TNF.**

Reviews are nice to have too. :D

-Kai

7. 6: Sub Home Field Advantage

The New Threat

Chapter 6: Sub-Home Field Advantage

**Disclaimer: I own nothing. The works of Halo (characters and weapons) go to Bungie, while KotOR (same thing) go to LucasArts. Some

elements were used in compliance with ****_Gipper 40_****'s story, and that doesn't belong to me either.**

* * *

><p>Revan followed Richardson through the corridors, which were fortunately free of Covenant. The bridge was less lively, as many of the workers were either repelling the Covenant or working the communications link. "We need a fire team on Terminal Two!" a human said, probably the defense coordinator. Hood was watching a diagram of the battlefield, which showed thirteen rectangles, and two ovals.</p>

"This fleet was the same size as the one decades ago..." Hood mumbled to himself.

"Something wrong?" Revan asked.

"This invasion was similar to the previous invasion during the First Human-Covenant War, but we didn't pick up their approach this time." The station shook again. "And they're hitting this station, instead of Cairo. Hood shook his head. Something tells me this is gonna be familiar..."

"Private Tonthald, your orders: defend Accra, repel the Covenant forces. I think I know what will happen, and the enemy we are fighting now is similar to the Covenant that we have fought ten years ago."

"Yes, sir," Revan saluted. He walked out of the bridge, following Richardson, down to stairs where marines were busy gearing up with guns laid on boxes. He spotted a DMR amongst the guns, taking the rifle for his Battle Rifle and taking the spare ammo clips.

"Attention, boarders have taken Commons One!"

"We need a fireteam in Hanger B!"

"Both Terminals have been taken!"

So many problems... Revan thought. _I'll meet up with Max then..._ Revan walked out the doors to his left, seeing Richardson manned at a deployable turret. A loud clang filled Revan's ears as another boarding craft attached itself to the station.

"I need a hail of fire on that blast door," Richardson said. "When it opens, let 'em have it!" A spark of energy burned itself on the door, increasing in intensity with each second. Revan readied his DMR, sighting it about just below the spark.

The door exploded, everyone waiting half a second before shooting, lead bullets weaving through the plasma shots. The strike team consisted of two Elites, both wielding T-51 Plasma Repeaters, and a squad of eight Grunts, five wielding T-25 Plasma Pistols and the other three with T-33 Needlers. Revan fired at one shot-per-second intervals, scoring headshots at the Grunts that were in front of the Elites. Richardson had then concentrated his attack on the two Elites leading the wave, and Revan picked them off with headshots.

"Let's go!" Richardson yelled, leaving his turret behind and running through the ruined door. Revan and the handful of marines followed suit, turning a right and going up the stairs. Plasma fire rained from the ground of Commons B-01 through the windows as snipers tried to kill the Elites.

Revan swapped his Magnum for a Sniper from a dead marine, he looked through the scope, setting his reticule on an Ultra Elite's splitlip. He fired twice, one to get rid of the shields and another to finish the Elite's life. Revan then fired at the other Elites, taking half-a-minute to dispatch of them, since reloading took a while.

After that, Revan jumped down from the window, bending his knees as he made contact with the ground. He inspected the bodies, making sure they were dead. "We have boarders in the port-side hangar bays!" The defense coordinator announced. "More boarders in the Habitat areas!"

"They're everywhere..." Richardson complained. "Let's get going Tonthald. Huh, what weird name to say..."

"Don't mind me," Revan said. "Besides, other people called me that."

"Whatever you say," the admiral said. "Hangar bays. Intruders and boarding craft."

"Yeah." Revan loaded his DMR before heading forward. "Maybe we'll see the cyborg guy too."

"He's the Chief. One of the last of the SPARTAN-III project and the last supersoldier we have. His existence ensures our existence, and nothing more. We have his back and we have his."

Revan thought what the humans would do if the Chief died, but decided not to dwell on it. They walked past the Commons grounds to Hangar-B, climbed a flight of stairs to get onto that level, and entered.

There was gunfire everywhere, plasma bolts and lead being exchanged like a BBS post. Revan caught the Chief firing Battle Rifle rounds, sweeping the anti-materiel shots and wiping out two or three Grunts with each sweep. Revan spotted boarding craft attached to the side of the hangar doors, loaded in a line of three.

Revan unpinned a frag grenade and tossed it into the Covenant forces. He raised his Sniper Rifle and scored headshots from the high ground. The grenade exploded, cutting down a large number of Covenant forces. Revan brought out the DMR when the Sniper depleted its magazine, dropping Elites and Grunts.

"Perfect timing, eh, Chief?" Richardson asked.

The Spartan only grunted. Soon, a bright light enveloped the room, and Revan could only see something he saw before.

He almost imagined that Coruscant was being bombed all over again.

"Lisithea, assessment!" Hood ordered.

"Covenant tactical bombs," the AI said. "They're trying to destroy the orbital defense stations..."

"All available hands that aren't engaging any enemy, head for the MAC control room! This was just like a decade ago, with the First Human-Covenant War! Chief, I need you and Lisithea to intercept the bomb, and override its detonation sequence!"

The Chief only nodded, then started backward. "Chief, the elevators are offline for the moment," a marine informed the Spartan. "We have to take the back service elevator." The Chief angrily shot a pistol shot at a dead Elite's head, obviously pissed off.

"The Chief's a sensitive one," Richardson whispered to Revan, who could only nod. "First, we have to get to the Engine Room. I'll bet that place is a heavy firefight right now, and it's just gonna get tougher."

* * *

><p>Revan and Richardson piled through the Covenant Forces, through Hangar R-01 and Commons R-01. Hood appeared to be right, since the Covenant were heavily concentrated in defending that area. "Exit into the station's exterior, and weave toward the MAC tower. The elevator lift shall be infested with Drones. Once you've cleared them, head outside into space again, take care of the forces there, and enter the service elevator further on. Be careful not to drift away." Hood's directions could never have sounded so easy.</p>

Nonetheless, Revan kept up his awareness, since he wasn't one of the people that had dealt with the Covenant some ten years ago.

Revan started forward toward a door, which was unlocked by a marine. The door gave away to two primed-plasma grenade-wielding Grunts. Revan shut the door with the Force, and explosions reverberated through the metal. Revan walked to the pad and opened the door. Only blue splattered the room.

"Lucky door malfunction?" a marine asked.

"Sure," Richardson said. "Let's go." Revan smirked as the Marines passed him.

At the next Hangar Bay, fireteams were already repelling Covenant forces, stairs to the MAC Storage already open. "Go on!" cried a marine. "We can hold 'em fine!" Two turrets were stationed at each boarding craft, effectively killing Covenant forces as they made their way through the connection chamber. Revan nodded, then made his way down the stairs, the Chief and Richardson following close behind. Revan crept up to a daydreaming Grunt and snapped its neck, dropping it. Revan set the body down slowly and continued forward, up another flight of stairs into Armory A-01. Commons R-01 was just outside the door. There was no gunfire... so that meant...

"Barricade is taken out," Revan announced.

"Wonderful," the Chief said. He raised his Battle Rifle and checked the corner, ducking away almost immediately. "Two Elites, five Grunts

each. Plasma turret on upper level."

Revan took out his Sniper and refreshed its ammo clip. He looked around the corner and carefully placed a shot at the Grunt in the window. The crack sent the room into a frenzy, the turret gunner dead. Revan peeked out again and scored a headshot on an Elite.

"Can't we just use a rocket or something?" Revan asked. The Chief merely lifted a segment of floor and pulled out a M41SSR Rocket Launcher. The letters SPNKR were written on the rocket barrel.

"Already ahead of you." The Chief sprinted out and fired a rocket, its explosion followed by the death screams of Covenant. Revan ran out with a DMR, scoring headshots in Grunts and picking off low-shield Elites.

"Through here is the umbilicals to the nearby ships," Richardson said. "We'll need to make contact with it, and get down to Earth."

"Why?" Revan asked.

"'Cause that's where the Covenant are going. Take out our central government or head for Installation Zero One again. I was in the Battle of Earth, ten years ago."

Revan nodded and followed the Chief up the stairs. Through a door, a fireteam was being suppressed by plasma fire. "Damn those bastards!" a marine cried, chucking a grenade. The Chief ran out and fired a Battle Rifle shot. An explosion rocked the corridor as a grenade exploded in midair. "Was that a grenade snipe?"

"Sure," the Chief said. He raised his gun and walked into the corridor. Revan and the marines followed suit. "Stay," the Chief said. "I'm going into space. You don't have material for vacuum."

Revan dug behind his robes for a second and slowly lifted out his mask - the Mandalorian helmet that he had worn during the Mandalorian Wars and during his time as a Sith Lord. "Surely the Covenant know we're coming," Revan said. "Shouldn't two go to lighten the load?"

The Chief only turned. "Admiral Richardson. You should return to your ship. If the battle leads us down to Earth, we'll need immediate transport."

"Yes, Chief," Richardson said, saluting.

"Perhaps a spacesuit will help," the Chief suggested. When Revan denied the offer, he turned to the door. "Then let's go. Tonthald, set your radio channel to eighty-six-point-nine." Revan set the mask on his face and adjusted the radio settings. He pulled his hood on just to compensate his look; wearing only a mask did not seem right to him. Concentrating on the Force, he created a breathing environment with the use of Force Barrier and the art of Tapas. There was a quick sheen around Revan as he set up the Barrier, but the Chief didn't notice.

He followed the Chief down the corridor, exiting onto an observation airlock. The door into the station closed, and Revan felt the air depressurize around him as the airlock door into space opened. "Just follow me," came the radio.

Revan followed the Chief into space. After some time, Revan saw him jump over a container crate and disappear, only to find many more obstacles stippling the construct. Revan decided Force Jumps would take him out of the defense platform's gravity field, and so had a rougher time to get by. He spotted a door at the far side of the station, lit green. "That's our target," Lisithea's voice said. "Get moving."

Revan understood the situation, resorting to Force-Pushing both himself and the Chief toward the door. With one more burst of running, they entered the elevator and immediately started upward, pressurizing at the same time.

"There are quite a few Elites guarding the bomb," Lisithea remarked. "You may need to get creative."

"What happened to the fireteams dispatched to attack the bomb squad?" the Chief asked. "Are they wiped out or something?"

"They're pinned down in the elevator platform room," Lisithea said, "and there's no time to get back. The bomb could explode at any minute, if not second." The Chief cursed, but reloaded his Battle Rifle and Rocket Launcher.

"That's fine," the Chief said, just as the elevator doors opened. Revan and the Chief ducked behind a barricade, Revan glancing up from behind the metal sheet. There were six Elites, but only three Grunts. However... two of them were Ultra-class... with a Field Marshall. The ugly mass of bomb was right behind the defense force, pulsing blue on the control panel.

"It's a lower rank than Councilor," remarked the Chief. "Bet you can take him."

"Meh" was Revan's reply. "How about we thin their numbers with Plasma Grenades?"

"I'm on it." The Chief took the two Plasma Grenades from his belt, as did Revan, and tossed them at the Elites. Revan looked at their targets, three Elites and a Grunt growling or howling in fear. Four massive explosions rocked the room, every Covenant trooper laid on the ground, save for the Field Marshall who had rolled away at the last second.

"Dammit... was hoping the idiot Grunt would run up to him." The Chief pulled up his Rocket Launcher and fired the remaining two rockets at the Elite, whom deftly dodged one and batted the other aside. It drew an Energy Sword and soon absorbed all bullets from Chief's Battle Rifle.

"Wonderful," the Chief said. "Stay here. I'll deal with it." Revan was about to protest, but the Chief was already walking up to the Elite.

He's good as dead.

"I command you, Demon, for finding us here," the Elite growled.

"Sure. Being a bastard and setting up a bomb in our station is very commendable too." The Chief pulled out a Combat Knife and taunted the Elite.

"You will perish with the station, and your entire race!" Revan saw the Chief run towards the Elite, the figure of Lisithea appearing at a holotank.

"Me, inside your head, now!" she commanded. The Chief placed a hand on the tank, then on the bomb. The Elite growled as it raised its sword on top of the Chief, and Revan had to save him by throwing a glowing barrel, a fusion coil, with the Force. It exploded on contact, only harming the shields of the two. Nonetheless, it still distracted the Elite.

The Chief recovered, swiped an Energy Sword from the Elite's leg, and ignited it. He was barely able to block the Elite's second strike, only centimeters away from his helmet. In the lock, the Chief rotated his knife into a "proper" grip and lunged at the Elite. The Elite rolled back to dodge the knife.

The Chief took the opportunity to throw the knife, but it was batted aside as the Elite stood up. It ran up to the Chief and started its flurry of attacks, which the Chief was able to block with his sword. The Elite kicked at the Spartan, sending him back. The Elite jumped on top of the Spartan and slammed its sword at the Chief's head, missing by a centimeter.

The Chief brought his foot up into the Elite's fork, causing a massive spike of pain into the alien's body. The Elite roared in pain and anger, downward-slammed the Spartan on the head and dazed him thus. He raised his sword for the kill...

"No!" Revan cried, forsaking his hiding spot with _Heart of the Guardian_ primed. Revan swung at the Elite in midair, who had no other way than to stop the execution and dodge the orange blade.

"The Demon of Coruscant," the Elite growled, surprising Revan of their knowledge already. "But no matter; all I have to do is strike you down. 'Tarumee has already informed us much about your... advanced technology."

"Did he now?" Revan asked, assuming the person the Elite spoke of was male.

"Yes... and we have already gathered the intel on these humans. The only one left to study is your race... the Jedi, so you call yourself. So, Demon Revan, how can you fare against the Covenant?"

"Shut up," Revan declared, raising a palm and unleashing a pulse of lightning at the Elite. It blocked the stream of lightning with its Energy Sword, it gleaming as it absorbed the plasmic energies. Revan brought his arm back to lengthen the stream and then lunged at the

Elite. The Elite spun to dodge the stab, bring its sword in a wide arc, an attempt to behead Revan.

Revan managed to duck under the blade, but the front on his hood was sliced off. At that, Revan initiated into Djem So, making sure he parried with the tip of his saber. The Elite was countered three times in rapid succession, greatly angering the Elite. It came to the point where the Elite started to back away from Revan every time the blades made contact.

Seeing the Elite being an opportunist, Revan changed his lightsaber form into his Jujo stance, relentlessly battering the Elite with swift, powerful sword thrusts. The alien jumped back from Revan's onslaught, in addition to stalling time which Revan thought to be a crude version of Soresu.

Revan quickly reverted to a Makashi stance, using pinpoint movements to overwhelm the Elite's defenses. Revan was easily able to maim the Elite, albeit slightly, on the wrist-guards and thigh-guards. Revan kept up the stabbing and subtle slashing motions, cutting the smallest digit off the Elite's offhand.

The Elite roared in anger as it forsook Soresu for an overhead blow. Revan initiated a counterstrike, a horizontal slash that knocked the blade away for an opening.

The results weren't thus. Instead, the ringing sound of the plasma fragments echoed in the room. The plasma shards began to become clear as the energy within them dissipated. Revan turned to counterattack, but the Elite had already drawn its Needler sidearm.

"The prophets have told us to dispose of the Jedi as efficiently as possible," it growled. "Our honor will be rebuilt with your death." Its arm pulsed; firing the trigger, and Revan saw the purple explosion on the barrel before a wave of gray sweep past him. The explosion sent the Elite and the figure flying backwards. Revan threw Heart of the Guardian at the Elite, which sliced it in half and effectively killed it.

Revan didn't gloat over the Elite's defeat, but jumped to the fallen Spartan instead. "Chief! Are you alright?" A cough answered him, and the jolts caused the open wounds on his front to spurt blood.

"Whatever kind of treatment won't save me," he said, his voice sounding vaguely female. "Needler explosions are hard to heal... sad that I die for saving someone that just got accepted..." The next cough loosened the helmet off.

A brown-haired woman with black eyes sat staring at Revan. "And I thought you were a guy..." Revan said stupidly.

"Voice shelter worked...? It was for the marines, thinking it was indignant for a woman to be holding the war for them."

"You're still a Spartan," Revan said. "And you'll be recognized for your actions anyway."

"Just my service tag," she said. "It was all Spartans got, it's all they will need. Many died not from fighting the Covenant, but

searching for John-117. The best of us all..." There came another wracking cough, more blood. Her mouth became stained with crimson. "Look for 117," she said, "save Earth and save your people. You aren't human, you're whatever that splitlip said you were..."

"Jedi Revan." The Spartan took off a Spartan glove, handing it to Revan. "Do not let Lisithea fall into enemy hands. She is the reason why we have stayed alive for so long. Blow up a ship for me, will you?"

Revan accepted the glove from her. "I will. Do you have a name?"

"Claire. Claire-385." She took another cough. "Death by hemorrhage," she sighed, "protecting the one that saved humanity." She closed her eyes and chuckled at the proposal, then breathed no more.

If I could protect those who protected me, and those who I care for..._ Revan thought. But for now, I will just have to avenge them._

"Lisithea," Revan said, "we're gonna blow us up some Covenant Assault Carrier."

"No problem," Lisithea said. "Private... uhh, I'm sorry we're dragged you into this."

"I dragged myself into this," Revan said. "To protect something means you have to destroy another. The only ones who should kill are the ones prepared to be killed. That is the way it should be." Revan augmented himself with the Force and dragged the bomb out of the control room into the elevator.

"Fleet Admiral Hood," Revan said, "permission to leave the station."

"For what purpose, Private?"

Revan formed the sentence in his mind. "To... give the Covenant... back their bomb." There was silence on the other end.

"Sir?"

"Permission granted."

Revan punched the button labeled "Hr" for Hangar. It didn't matter which hangar bay he was headed to; every Covenant ship was headed for the planet called Earth, and it was all that was needed.

The elevator stopped, and Revan brought the bomb into the empty Hangar Bay. He looked outside the hangar bay door, where Covenant ship and UNSC frigates fired upon each other as the Covenant dove for Earth.

Revan headed for the control column, unlocking the hatch for the door mechanism. A red screen appeared, blinking a warning._ Room not decompressed, please await for decompression procedure._ "Now, don't blink," Lisithea cautioned. "Or you might lose me."

"Don't worry," Revan said, "I don't blink much. It's... part of my job." With that, he pulled the lever down. The doors opened, and

Revan started his Force-Barrier-Tapas_ combination and watched the bomb. It scraped the floor, creating sparks, then zoomed forward. Revan let out a hand and held onto a spike, being sent out as he held onto the bomb.

"This was for the Jedi on Coruscant," he said aloud in the vacuum of space. "This is for imprisoning me. This is for killing one I had wanted to protect. And this... is for being the assholes that mess with Revan, former Dark Lord of the Sith."

* * *

><p>AN: I am sorry for yet another long update. Term Two came up and is taking up a lot of time. But excuses, excuses... thank you all for your patience, and do not forget to leave a review. I made it long to compensate.**

-Kai

8. 7: Takin' This Fight to the Surface

The New Threat

Chapter 7: Takin' This Fight to the Surface

Disclaimer: I own nothing. The works of Halo (characters and weapons) go to Bungie, while KotOR (same thing) go to LucasArts. Some elements were used in compliance with **_*Gipper 40*_'s story, and that doesn't belong to me either.**

* * *

><p>Revan traveled through the vacuum by momentum and gravity of the blue planet, Earth. Around him, lasers bounced off the small shell of Force he erected for himself. His target, an Assault-class Covenant Cruiser, was making its way through the debris field and was drifting towards Earth. Revan propelled himself forward with a surge of Force, until he came toward the ship.<p>

The ship gleamed, and a large laser erupted from one of the laser projectors. Revan barely missed the plasma beam, but an Orbital Defense Platform wasn't too lucky. At least it wasn't the Accra.

Two YAS-Longswords swept past Revan and bombed an opening in the ship's hull, creating a passage to which Revan could enter. Revan drifted into the ship's interior, finding himself in the power pylon. Revan took the glove from his belt and fit it on his right hand.

"Lisithea," Revan said, "you want to tell me how much time was left?"

"Seven seconds," Lisithea said. "If you take me out, the countdown will resume."

Revan calculated how fast he would be able to get out of the ship. He climbed to the control panel of the bomb and pressed his right hand on it, ejecting Lisithea from the bomb. The device started pulsating faster and faster, signaling its primed detonation.

Revan pressed both feet on the bomb and jumped off, using the Force to carry him out of the ship. He was barely out of the ship's interior when he felt the explosion on his back, and the angry rays of light reflecting off Covenant and UNSC ship alike. Revan's vision cleared as he drifted away from the explosion, and he guided himself toward a UNSC ship. Painted on its side were the words Tundra in all uppercase, block-lettering. Revan glided toward the ship, setting his feet on the ship as it headed for Earth.

"This is Private Tonthald, on the UNSC Tundra. Open up an airlock for exterior entrance?"

"We have your location, Private Tonthald," a voice called. "Standby." Revan looked to see a hatch open and jumped down the hole. The hatch door closed as the blast doors were opened. The sea of stars disappeared behind the circular lid above. A marine approached Revan from behind, waiting until Revan turned to face the man.

"Admiral Richardson wants to see you at the bridge," the marine said, "he is fortunate to have you land on his ship. Follow me; I'm here to take you there."

"Thanks," Revan said.

"Aww, no problem. You just did a performance that Spartan-117 did himself, ten years ago."

* * *

><p>Richardson bore a distraught look on his face as Lisithea was ejected into the Tundra's network. He took a good long look at Revan before saying anything. "We all had the thought that Spartans couldn't die," he said. "But after Reach, we knew every one of them, save one, was dead. Now that we don't have any available Spartans, we can only count on you, Private Tonthald."</p>

"I'm your only hope?" Revan asked.

"Whatever Three-Five-Eight was up to, he; well, she; was doing what was right. You have stuff from movies and the Covenant, something that bests their plasma tech. You may be a Private, but it doesn't matter about Rank anymore. It is skill."

"Tonthald, most of the Spartans were at the rank of Petty Officer, not a very prestigious rank. But their prowess in battle was all we needed and wanted, and it no longer mattered to us what rank they were." Richardson shook his head. "We would be in a better condition than we are now if we had One-One-Seven."

"What kind of person was One-One-Seven like anyway?" Revan asked. He was given no answer.

"Hood will tell you. I actually don't know." The Fleet Admiral seemed sullen.

It wasn't something I did, right?

LINE

"We'll be sending the first wave of marines within the hour," echoed the radio, Richardson's voice. "But Tonthald, I am sending you with the first flight except you are to report to the Tech Center. You start off there, and the ones stationed there will re-outfit you with a proper 'helmet' and other... accessories."

"Will do, sir," Revan replied. He tapped his finger on his DMR's scope before taking it and having it magnetize to his shield unit. His M6G pistol went to his thigh. He checked his belt for his two lightsabers. Check.

He walked down the ship toward the hangars and managed to hitch a ride on a transport Warthog. Revan waited by watching the passing interior of the Tundra. Marines and rooms would pass by, or another Warthog would overtake the one he was riding in. It wasn't very long until Revan arrived at the hangar bays.

There were five Pelicans at the moment, waiting for marines to enter each one. If Revan remembered right, then each Pelican can accommodate fifteen marines, excluding the pilot and co-pilot. There was also a Warthog or Scorpion Tank that could be fitted on for transport.

A marine, whom Revan recognized as Ferrick, approached Revan. "Y'know," the marine said. "I'm glad you're on our side."

"Same," Revan replied. "It sure makes me feel better that my head is still connected to my body. Things go around."

"Well, now we have no Spartan to watch our back. We can expect a lot of things to go wrong... girl or not, I would like to keep in mind that a Spartan can turn the tide for us when the going gets worse."

"I've never had a babysitter behind me. I think that's how I feel, or maybe even another Spartan." Revan nodded at a Pelican. "Which one goes to, uhm, a tech center?"

"Well, Peli-Echo is the one going there. Too bad I'm not on your flight. Maybe I'll see you later?" Ferrick waved a hand before walking toward his flight on Bravo.

Revan waved back, his hand faltering. I'm still here. And I haven't even tried to get back to Coruscant or any planet I know of. What am I doing? What is the meaning of this path that I am taking? Revan sighed as he headed toward the Pelican to the far right, taking a seat on one of the seats. There were only two other marines there and they looked as if they weren't in the mood for talking.

"Standby," said a loudspeaker. "Wait for green light to travel down to Earth. All non-passenger personnel clear the hangar for decompression." The Pelican door closed before there was an upward thrust, and G-Forces pushed Revan down for a second. Soft hissing sounds could be heard outside the Pelican. Revan could feel his tunic drift from his skin.

"The trip will take about an hour," the Pelican loudspeaker said. "I'll open the hatch when we have reached the Earth's atmosphere." There was a click, and silence.

An hour..._ Revan said to himself. Such a long time... besides, brandishing my lightsabers for sparring isn't a good idea - the Pelican would easily be rent in two, and only the pilot would be safe._

Meditation was the best route to take.

LINE

_ "..."_

_ "Is anyone there... It's dark here..."_

_ "Hello?" Revan searched deeper then._

_ "..."_

_ "Who's there?" Revan asked. "Is someone there?"_

_ A steady breathing of a human sounded in Revan's ears, but he could not see the breather. Revan wandered in his projection of Force and came across a dim spacescape. A star's light was blotted out by a large bluish planet, its surface composed of ice and snow. The remains of a UNSC Cruiser,_ with _the words _unto Dawn_ visible, drifted into the planet's gravity field. By the way it was cut; it was either by Covenant laser, explosion, or Slipspace accident._

_ Revan's vision drifted closer to the ship, until his eyes fell upon a small holotank, which softly pulsed a light-blue hue. A larger tank was situated near the holotank. Condensation on the larger tank signified cryo. Revan's curiosity drove his closer to the cryo tank, and the screen lifted, and he saw a Spartan's visor._

_ "Chief!" cried a woman's voice._

* * *

><p>The hissing of compressed air awoke Revan from his trance, which had left him dumbfounded. What was that about? He asked himself. _Another Spartan?_

_ And that world... I have a feeling I've been there before. But it couldn't be Hoth, could it? It looked more deserted than Hoth anyway, and has more iced-over oceans. But that feeling..._

Revan couldn't shake his mind off of the planet, much less why the place felt familiar. He could only have described the place to be "somehow connected to Dantooine, albeit not physically". It only came off his mind when the Pelican took a sharp turn. Buildings crashing accompanied the turn.

"Damn those bastards! Scarabs are already out?"

Revan looked out the hatch to see a large quadruped mechanism, seemingly designed to look like a four-legged insect with an eye for a head. Flaps around the "eye" opened, plasma rays converging on the eye's center.

"Flank left!" Revan cried out, and the Pelican swerved away from the

devastating beam that erupted from the Scarab's eye. The skyscraper ahead of the Pelican collapsed as the beam melted its infrastructure.

"We're going against that thing?" one of the marines cried. "No way, man, count me out!"

"Marine, did I give you permission to bitch?" asked the pilot from the open cockpit door. "Besides, you won't be going into battle until a few hours. So you can sit out for a long time. But Jackie and I here don't got much of a choice." The marine grumbled at the pilot's remark.

"A half-kilometer south-east is the Accran Tech Center," the co-pilot stated. "I don't see anything but the Scarab on our motion tracker."

The pilot hummed as the Pelican turned forty-five degrees to the left and picked up speed. The Scarab quickly became smaller and then disappeared among the buildings. The Pelican slowed to a hover and started to descend into a courtyard. Revan took his DMR from his back and rested the gun at his chest. He weaved around the Pelican to see a woman in a white lab coat. Several marines were posted at the building, wielding Machine Gun Turrets, Rocket Launchers, Sniper Rifles, and other heavy weaponry. Shotguns and ammo were sprawled on the floor. An unfinished game of chess lay on a nearby table.

"Greetings, Private Tonthald," the woman said. "I'm Doctor Charlotte Hanber. Fleet Admiral Hood had contacted me to expect you."

"It seems a Scarab is headed this way," Revan said. "Whatever it is I'm doing here, I hope it shall be done quickly."

"It won't take long, however, I will need your shield unit clothing, your pair of gloves, and your mask. Updating the HUD system into you will significantly be able to inform you of your current status. Most of our soldiers have that system to begin with."

"If it means being able to beat the Covenant, of course," Revan said. "Are there any side effects?"

"Not that I am aware of. However, it will feel somewhat awkward when you forgo your mask; since you will be used to seeing all the blinking lights and bars and all." Dr. Hanber tapped the side of her head. "Gets burned into your mind and brain projects it as normal to see it."

Revan nodded as he took off his gloves, and mask. The doctor waved him inside, where Revan was able to enter a washroom to remove his article of clothing. With only his undershirt and tunic, he felt slightly colder, but didn't take notice of it. He folded the cloak and set his mask and gloves on it. He stared at the Mandalorian mask, which had belonged to a Mandalorian female whom tried to stop the slaughter of surrendered Republicans. "I can imagine one of the same personalities as you in the Covenant ranks," Revan said. "What would he or she say? The same as you did?"

Revan chuckled to himself as he carried his pile out of the washroom, carrying the DMR. Dr. Hanber was waiting for him outside, and Revan

handed her the clothing. "It should be done in at least fifteen minutes," Hander said. "Standby until then, and protect the premise. A Scarab is used to clean up troops, not whittle down defenses."

Revan nodded, hefting his DMR to a surer grip. He headed outside with six other marines, making seven people to defend the courtyard. Revan set the watch on his hand to fifteen minutes, the first time to use one of the new gadgets Richardson had given him on the _Tundra_. _Time Attack sequence,_ Revan said to himself, _start. From 1253 to 1308, we defend the courtyard._

"We have a couple shorties coming in at two o'clock!" the sniper said. "Two Elites at the ten o'clock!"

Revan issued orders. "Two marines report to the ten, cut those Grunts off, one stays behind to watch for snipers. The other two, follow me, pick off those Elites."

"Why you?" asked a marine. The insignia on his arm signified him a Gunnery Sergeant, Grade Two. "Shouldn't I be issuing orders, _Private_?"

Revan felt a surge of annoyance and frustration at this man. "You don't know who I am, don't you?" Revan retorted.

"You obviously don't know who the superior officer is!" the Sergeant backfired. "Sniper, just shoot them, we can pick off the others that come."

"You would waste ammunition like that, you pompous..."

"I most certainly outra-"

"I fucking know that!" Revan roared. "Now, unless you want to be blown to shreds by Hunters because of lack of anti-materiel bullets, I would suggest you leave your shit behind and listen to my orders instead. _Gunnery Sergeant_." Revan resisted the urge to personally cut the man down. One wrist-flick of a lightsaber would already cut the marine into two pieces. The same could be said for himself; the Sergeant could just pull out the Magnum and shoot him in the stomach, only that Revan had his Force powers. Plus, one movement from the marine would result in an arm being cut.

"The Sniper rounds should be saved for Hunters, I agree," said a marine. "Tonthald may be a private, but he has much intellect for someone that just got accepted."

"I heard his shooting and decision-making skills were off the charts," another marine said, "and he was available for being made into a Spartan."

"Covenant closing in!" a marine called.

Revan exhaled sharply, then went for explosives. He grabbed two trip mines, along with a stack of newspapers. Upon walking past the group of marines, he said, "If you don't want to move and save yourself, I will single-handedly save everyone. Then I will have you demoted for insubordination."

"You don't even know Hunters are being dispatched."

Revan closed his eyes, and allowed the Force to flow into him, Force Farsight. He saw by a bird's eye view of the premise in frozen time. A squad of Grunts was approaching from the southwest street and Elites from the southeast. After that, a battalion of Jackals were sent at the twelve o'clock, the direct south, followed closely by two squads of Grunt and Elite forces. A pair of Hunters approached behind each squad, then the pre-Scarab Elite Kill Team.

Revan opened his eyes. "I just figured out their battle tactic. You, Gunnery Sergeant, may stay put and watch me be promoted to Captain." The sergeant flashed a look of anger.

Revan headed to the Elite's path and set a Trip Mine in the path that was required for entering the courtyard. A newspaper was set on the Trip Mine to disguise the light it emitted and to muffle the beeping. He stowed the last Trip on his back. Finished setting the mine, Revan jogged back to the courtyard and waited for the Grunts, which he could easily hear them grumble.

"Why split us up?" one muttered. "Surely two squads of Elite-led Grunts can take them out quickly."

"That's what I'm thinking. We'd be picked off before we know it." Revan turned the corner, and the Grunts only yelled in fear as the first shot cracked the air, killing two Grunts with a penetrating bullet. In the distance, the Trip Mine exploded with the screams of the Elites. Four more quick headshots cleared the Grunts.

Jackal screams came from the other side of the wall, with their tromping down the sidewalk. Revan picked up a Plasma Grenade, primed it, and threw it over the wall. The sound of a double-beep signified it hit a flesh target and the hisses of dissipating Jackal shields fill the air. The Elite and Grunt squad was heard tromping down the avenue where the Jackals were, but they were stopped by an explosion of some sort.

"I got your back, Tonthald!" shouted a voice that wasn't the sergeant's. "I'd follow you anywhere, considering how badass you are!"

"Appreciated!" Revan called back. "Watch for Hunters—" He was cut short by the wort-wort-wort of an Elite, whom had promptly opened fire on him. Revan shied away from the shots, his tunic burning at the close call. Revan deftly dodged the shots fired at him, his shots taking out the Grunts first. He turned his attention to the Elites and depleted their Energy Shields with a Force Lightning. The headshots took care of the Elites.

A Fuel Rod shot burst its way from the shadows and exploded at Revan's feet. Revan had shielded himself in time with the Force, and was recovering from the blinding effect. He took out the Trip Mine and primed it, entering Force Sight to catch a glimpse of the Hunter. Its large form was looking at Revan, expecting crossfire.

Revan primed the Trip Mine and threw it at the Hunter. The Hunter, startled, fired its arm cannon at Revan, yet collided with the Trip Mine. The result was a massive explosion that required Revan to shield himself with the Force again, yet killed the Hunter with the

Trip Mine's wave of heat and sudden energy burst. Even in his cocoon of Force, Revan's ears rung with recoil and his eyes burned from the amount of whiteness he saw.

When the deafness and blindness ended, Revan heard the crack of a Sniper round disrupt the sudden peace, and the crash of a heavy object falling down. Revan turned to see the Sniper salute back at Revan, only to be sniped by a Particle Beam Rifle bolt.

"Man down!" Revan called, hurrying back toward the lab. He lifted his DMR to take out the Jackal that had sniped the Sniper marine. Another Jackal popped its head out and managed to fire a shot at Revan's feet before blood spurted from a head wound.

How could I have forgotten the Elite Kill Team? Revan cursed at himself, ducking under a T-31 Needle Rifle bolt. A Fuel Rod sailed past his head and collided into the tech building, insignificantly harming the infrastructure but shattering all the glass windows. Revan turned the wall corner just as Plasma Repeater rounds ate away at the cloth on his legs. He Force Jumped up to the fallen Sniper, whom was suffering a shoulder wound.

"You alright?" Revan asked.

The marine grimaced. "I lost my concentration," he said. "That's how I got sniped."

"It's okay," Revan said. "Take a break." Revan set the man against a sandbag, giving him a canister of biofoam to let the marine treat his own injuries. "Now, treat yourself while I clear a landing zone." Revan unlatched a flare from his belt and ignited it. A trail of blue smoke traced from the open end. Revan threw the flare to the ground, picked up the Sniper Rifle, and reloaded its clip. Revan lifted the scope to his eye and spotted the Jackal Snipers on the rooftops. Particle beams zoomed by Revan's face as he counter-sniped the aliens. He drilled headshots into the Elites and Grunts on the lower ground in tandem with the marines' suppressive fire.

Revan's watch vibrated against his skin just as the last Elite was killed. "That was forty-three kills and seventeen assists, Tonthald!" a marine called.

"That was a sight for sore eyes," the wounded Sniper said. "Nice job clearing the LZ." Revan looked up to see a Pelican in the horizon, becoming closer with every second.

"Hanber should be done with my suit," Revan said. "Tell them to wait for me." Revan laid the Sniper Rifle down and carried his DMR by its shoulder strap and climbed down the ladder to the ground. Hanber had stepped out of the building with a folded pile of clothing, noticing Revan's scorched clothing.

"Had a good time?" Hanber asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I've had better days," Revan said. "A marine reported forty-three and seventeen in kill-assist ratio."

"There's the Warrant Officer requisite right there. But since you have to serve at least a month..."

"Rank doesn't matter. But the Gunnery Sergeant didn't follow my orders. If he did, we would have much more ammo and zero casualties." Hanber handed the clothing to Revan and noted the blue flare. "A Scarab is on its way here. Doctor Hanber, we should leave the premise. You would be much safer on the Orbital Defense Platforms now that the Covenant have invaded Earth."

"I appreciate your concern, but I must secure research. I shall be on the next flight to Accra, don't you worry."

Revan nodded as he put his cloak on and inserted his hands into his gloves. As he pulled them on to their snug fit, Revan felt something pierce his skin. It stung for a second, but subsided after thus. Revan, puzzled, fitted his mask on, which had many translucent polygons and shapes in his vision. A shield bar was at the top of his vision, smaller bars to show his bodily health. A motion sensor was continually scanning at the lower left. Grenade count was placed at the top left. Words saying "No Weapon" dominated the top right. His service tag, saying "E-383," was displayed at the bottom right.

"Do you see all of them?" Hanber asked. She went down the list, and Revan replied with an affirmation for each attribute. "In addition, click the button on the right side of your mask to engage the VISR sensor tech. All of this should keep you alive," Hanber said.

"Spartan-385 offered her life for yours, and you must be alert to protect yourself from harm."

"Yes ma'am," Revan said. "I will do my best."

"Save humanity, stop the Halos' firing, and reconcile peace. Kill the Prophet of Redemption. That is all we need."

Revan nodded. He stepped onto the landed Pelican, the huge yellow dot on his motion sensor. For some reason, it carried a Scorpion Tank on its vehicle storage. Yet something tells me something isn't right. The Force is trying to tell me something, but it seems something is missing.

"There is a greater evil out there!" Master Vrook had said during his Mandalorian Wars Campaign. "Not just the Mandalorians! None of the Jedi Order should engage war with these barbarians, they are just a distraction!"

"I just wonder if he was right, that old man." Revan sighed as he took a seat on the Pelican chairs.

* * *

><p>Meetra looked into the air, feeling a disturbance in the Force. Something blotted out the stars overhead, but Meetra stood her ground. It wasn't the same Force signature as the Covenant, even if the aliens were dead to the Force. No, it felt darker; more ravenous than a starved Rancor.</p>

There was a ripple in the night sky, and a portal separated space, an enigmatic pattern within the perimeter of the circle. Meetra could only start running. She had to find Bastila. Only her. The less people involved, the better. Yet that wasn't the only reason.

A familiar Force signature was wavering out from that portal.

* * *

><p>AN: Yes, I have not updated in two f*ing months.
Whoop-dee-doo.**

I'm sorry, but as said on my Profile Page, it is just excuses. I did manage to get by that stumbling block though. I also did a minor revamp of Chapter 6 (previous chapter) about Revan's airlock-ed robes. I did some research about Force Powers on the Star Wars Wikia [starwars(dot)wikia(dot)com, replace "(dot)" with "."] and found that a combination of Force Barrier and _Tapas_ creates an oxygen-rich environment in vacuum. You can read about this in Chapter 6, or go to the Star Wars Wikia for in-depth information.

Thanks! Starting Chapter 8 right now....

**-Kai

>

End
file.